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**COMMENT OF THE DAY**

## Modernising Kai Tak

HONGKONG has more than a passing interest in the projected London conference on the modernising of colonial airports, announced this week, and it is satisfactory to learn that the Colony has been invited to send representatives to the discussions. The presence of well-informed spokesmen at these parleys is essential in view of the high position of importance which Kai Tak airfield has already gained for itself as a terminal and transitory airport for all the major international airlines. Urgency to the whole question of developing and modernising Kai Tak has been given this week by the revelation that the BOAC Comet jet air liner must by-pass Hongkong in the course of its proving flight between London and Tokyo. The anything but consoling situation thus created is that while Britain can lead the world in providing regularly scheduled jet plane passenger services, Hongkong has to watch the Comets use landing fields in the Philippines and other nearby countries because Kai Tak is inadequate.

WE are not holding Government to blame. An elaborate four-phase scheme for making Kai Tak capable of handling jet planes and Strato-cruisers has been in the course of development for some time past and steady progress has been made. Behind this major undertaking, however, lurks the spectre of heavy expenditure. In winding up the Budget debate last March, the Hon. Colonial Secretary expressed the hope that HM Government would be willing to transfer the £3 million grant for the once-projected Deep Bay airport to help finance Kai Tak development. Manifestly, however, three million pounds could only go a small way towards meeting the total expenditure. Our London correspondent reports that more allocations than ever are to be made this year from the Colonial Welfare and Development funds for improving colonial airports, and surely Hongkong, rating as a vital air link between the West and the East merits special consideration when these monies are being allocated.

# Sirry Pasha Plans New Middle E. Defence Command

## Anglo-Egyptian Talks MEETING WITH DIPLOMATS NEXT WEEK

Alexandria, July 4.

Egypt's new Prime Minister, Hussein Sirry Pasha, is planning early talks with the British Embassy for the settlement of the Anglo-Egyptian dispute, usually well informed Egyptian political circles said here tonight.

Sirry Pasha is expected to receive Mr J. Creswell, the British Minister in charge of the Embassy in the absence of the Ambassador, Sir Ralph Stevenson, and the American Ambassador, Mr Jefferson Caffery, next week.

Although the visits are officially described as "customary courtesy calls" paid to the new Prime Minister, who is also Foreign Minister, these sources believe that Sirry Pasha will take the opportunity to review Egypt's position towards Britain and the Western Powers' proposals for a Middle East Defence Command.

Sirry Pasha, in his letter to King Farouk outlining his Government's programme, said that he would make relentless efforts to achieve the country's national aspirations, leaving the final word to Parliament.

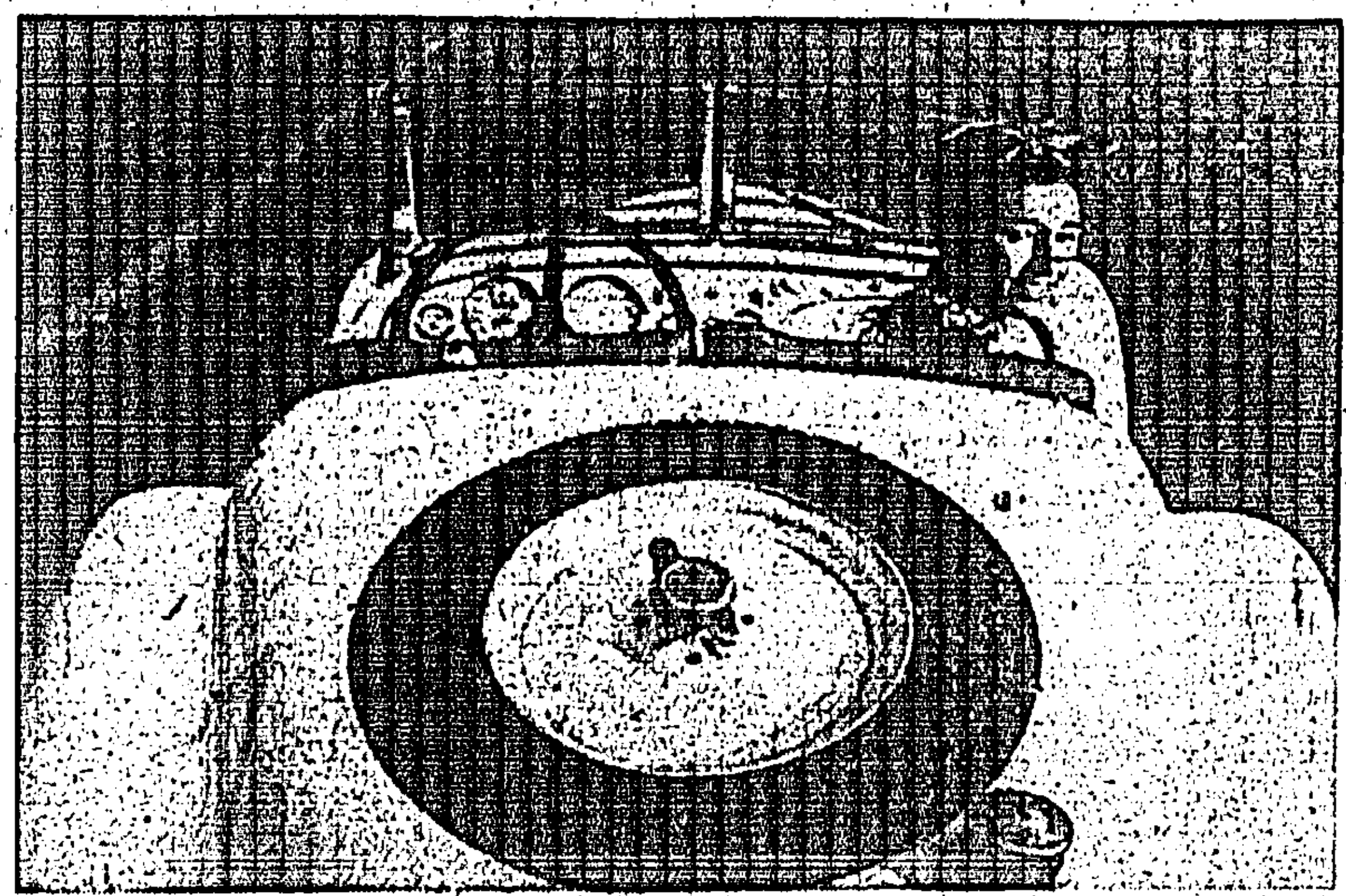
A British Embassy spokesman said tonight, "The British side expects the new Egyptian Prime Minister to make the first move towards the resumption of Anglo-Egyptian talks."

Mohamed Hashem Pasha, Premier Sirry Pasha's son-in-law and the Minister of the Interior, is also expected to establish official contacts with Sudanese leaders.

Early in 1950 Hashem Pasha made an unofficial tour of the Sudan where he held a series of talks.

He conferred with Yehia Nour Bey, the Egyptian Government representative in the Sudan, who returned to Cairo from Khartoum last night.

According to usually well-informed sources, Yehia Nour was asked by Sayed Sir Abdel Rahman el Mahdi, Pasha, Sudanese religious leader and sponsor of the pro-independence Umma Party, to sound off Premier Sirry Pasha's attitude towards the recent talks held in Alexandria between representatives of the late Government and the Mahdi.—Reuter.



An album picture of the wartime secret service agent, 37-year-old Mrs Christine Granville, who was found stabbed to death in a London hotel, taken when she was driving through Germany in 1945. She had an adventurous career during the war, and afterwards became a British subject although Polish by birth. A man has been charged with the murder.—London Express.

## Republican Party Split HOOVER STEPS IN AS PEACEMAKER

Chicago, July 4.

Mr Herbert Hoover, only living former President of America, entered the fight today over disputed Republican Convention delegates whom General Dwight Eisenhower and Senator Robert A. Taft are battling to seat.

Republican leaders, in their National Committee, heard a telegram from Mr Hoover urging them to try to reach "an amicable and equitable settlement" on the Texas issue. They were just beginning to discuss 38 contested Texas delegates.

Mr Hoover disclosed he had tried two weeks ago to "pour some oil" in the stormy waters of the dispute with a proposal that a "small group of eminent men representing both sides" review the whole situation.

The campaign manager for General Eisenhower, Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, of Massachusetts, did not accept the idea, Mr Hoover said, although he reviewed it a few days later.

"Despite my partial failure, the crux of all this is the Texas delegation, and that the Republican National Committee could well review that situation in the thought of arriving at an amicable and equitable settlement. I hope you may see your way clear to do so—and thereby end this confusion so detrimental to the election."

His message was read to a suddenly hushed assembly of the National Committee, meeting at the Conrad Hilton Hotel.

**TAFT'S CONTROL**

Meanwhile, the supporters of General Eisenhower for the Republican Presidential nomination were in a state of high indignation over his rival's continued control of the pre-convention machinery.

Senator Taft demonstrated that iron-clad control again yesterday when he won still more contested delegates to his camp by the Republican National Committee ruled that 13 of the disputed delegates in Louisiana belonged to the Taft camp, and two to the General's. It gave all of Mississippi's five votes to the Senator and handed one which was in dispute in Missouri to the General.

The result was that Senator Taft climbed above the 500 mark in the number of delegate votes he would have when the Convention opened to 414 for General Eisenhower—504 are required.

Most of the planks for the new Republican platform were roughed out today, but party leaders hoped to polish this up before public display.

Senator Eugene D. Millikin of Colorado, platform chairman, told reporters he now has reports from six of the eleven sub-committees working in separate planks.

Senator Millikin, Mr John Foster Dulles and Mr Lawrence H. Hargrave worked for hours last night on the major foreign policy section. They did not disclose details, but other Committee members forecast possible criticism of the United Nations for failing to direct

## BRITAIN, U.S., EAGER TO SET UP SKELETON STRUCTURE

London, July 4.

British Press reports today claimed that Britain and the United States were already discussing the possibility of setting up "soon" a skeleton Middle East defence command structure at Cyprus.

This would mean going ahead with the projected four-power pact without waiting for the adherence of Egypt but the way would be left open for her to come in if she decided to do so.

But hesitation is still strong on both the British and American side despite eagerness to close the defence gap in the strategically exposed Middle Eastern region.

Officials argued that such a course—which was discussed last week between the Foreign Secretary, Mr Anthony Eden, and the United States Secretary of State, Mr Dean Acheson—was theoretically feasible but in practice it would prove difficult if it had to be done in the face of outright Egyptian opposition.

Other Middle Eastern States are considered here to be interested in the idea but so long as Egypt remains opposed, they are not held likely to break the Arab front.

The postponement of the visit to Britain of the Turkish Prime Minister and the Foreign Minister, due to Mr Eden's illness, also appears to delay immediate plans of a Middle Eastern defence set-up of which Turkey is to be a founder party.

**NO DRASTIC MOVES**

Finally, the Anglo-American row over the Mediterranean command has yet to be resolved and there are no indications that Mr Eden and Mr Acheson made considerable progress in their talks last week.

The Middle Eastern situation thus offers, in the view of British diplomats, little prospect for immediate "drastic" moves though pressure was expected to increase for some early action to initiate defence measures.

It ties in largely with the overall picture of Western diplomacy which remains preoccupied at present with developments in Korea and Moscow.

The latest top-level consultations in London reflected a desire on the part of United Nations members for an all-out effort to persevere in the negotiations with the Communists for an armistice and to avoid as far as possible irrevocable moves and actions.

The West's decision to meet the Soviets at the conference some time this year may give an indication of Russia's real intentions but the best available opinion is that the Kremlin's latest moves do not

herald a change of policy and that they are at best only a modification of tactics which may require a strong concentration of Western diplomacy once again in Europe.

**LATEST TRENDS**

These trends emerged after a week marked by the following events in Europe's and the international scene:

- 1.—New tension in Berlin caused by Russian intrusion in the American sector.
- 2.—The spectacular change of Government in Cairo.
- 3.—A decision to include a Russian in General Mark Clark's Command of United Nations forces in Korea.
- 4.—Agreement among the Big Three Western Powers on a no compromise policy toward Russia and Red China regarding Indo-China.
- 5.—Lifting by Britain of the ban on war material exports to Spain as a result of a change of policy towards that country.
- 6.—Acceleration of the election campaign in the United States.—United Press.

## MORE HOUSES FOR BRITONS

London, July 4.

Housing returns published today show that the number of permanent houses completed in Great Britain in the first five months of this year was 90,498.

The total number of houses completed under the postwar programme is now 1,263,993—1,106,847 permanent and 157,146 temporary.

New houses built in Scotland under the postwar programme now stands at 155,705, of which 124,529 are permanent.

Houses completed in the first five months of this year in Scotland totalled 10,130.—Reuter.



## GIANT NEW US LINER AVERAGES 34 KNOTS

Aboard the ss United States, July 4.

The United States liner made an average speed of 34.11 knots on its first day out from New York (the Blue Riband run of the British liner Queen Mary on the first day was 31.13 knots).

The 53,000-ton new American liner, is not out officially for the Blue Riband on this maiden voyage, but many passengers think that she is trying.

The Queen Mary won the trophy for the fastest crossing in August 1938 when she covered the 2,938 miles between New York and Southampton in 5 days, 15 hours and 51 minutes, at an average speed of 31.69 knots.

The United States covered 696 miles in the first 20 hours and 24 minutes, after passing the Ambrose Light at 9.30 p.m. GMT yesterday.

She thus covered 11 miles more in the first 20 hours and 24 minutes than the Queen Mary did with her 685 miles on her first day's run of 22 hours in 1938.

The American ship today glided through calm waters but fine spray, whipped up by her speed and the wind, covered her port side weather deck.

Her speed during the run was not disclosed but experienced passengers guessed that it was high.

Commodore Harry Manning has maintained that his orders are to "observe the schedule" which would bring the United States into Le Havre at 4 a.m. on Tuesday.

To seize the Blue Riband—the Atlantic record—she must pass Bishop Rock, off the Scilly Isles before 3.18 a.m. GMT on Monday to beat the Queen Mary's time of three days, 20 hours and 42 minutes.—Reuter.

## Typhoon Heading For H.K.

**NO. 1 SIGNAL UP**

The typhoon "Emma", which struck the southern Philippine islands and caused many casualties and much destruction, has apparently changed course and at present is heading towards the Colony.

The No. 1 typhoon warning signal was hoisted by the Royal Observatory at 5.30 this morning when information indicated that the tropical storm was about 320 miles southeast of Hongkong, moving north-west or north-northwest at some 15 knots.

The Royal Observatory said this morning that information about the typhoon was scanty, but the following forecast was made for today:

Fresh, squally easterly winds, gradually increasing and reaching gale force at times later. Fair, but cloud increasing and showers developing.

## Troops Prepare For Election

Mexico City, July 4.

About 45,000 troops and the entire Police force were ordered to barracks here tonight in preparation for a tense week-end climaxed with Sunday's presidential and congressional election.

The troops and Police will patrol the streets in small detachments on polling day; otherwise, they will leave barracks only in groups of 50 to vote.

A clear-cut presidential victory for Signor Adolfo Ruiz Cortines, of the Government Party, is confidently expected following the most plain speaking election campaign in the nation's history.

If elected, Signor Cortines would succeed President Miguel Aleman for the next six years.—Reuter.

## 15 Hurt In Bus Collision

London, July 4.

Fifteen passengers were taken to hospital after two buses collided head-on in Kensington, London.

The buses were locked in a collision, the driving cabins were shattered and both drivers, who were unhurt, had to scramble out through emergency windows.

One of the buses is thought to have swerved to avoid a little girl who stepped off the pavement.

About 30 people were treated in nearby shops for cuts and grazes caused by flying glass.—Reuter.

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# HOMESIDE PICTORIAL

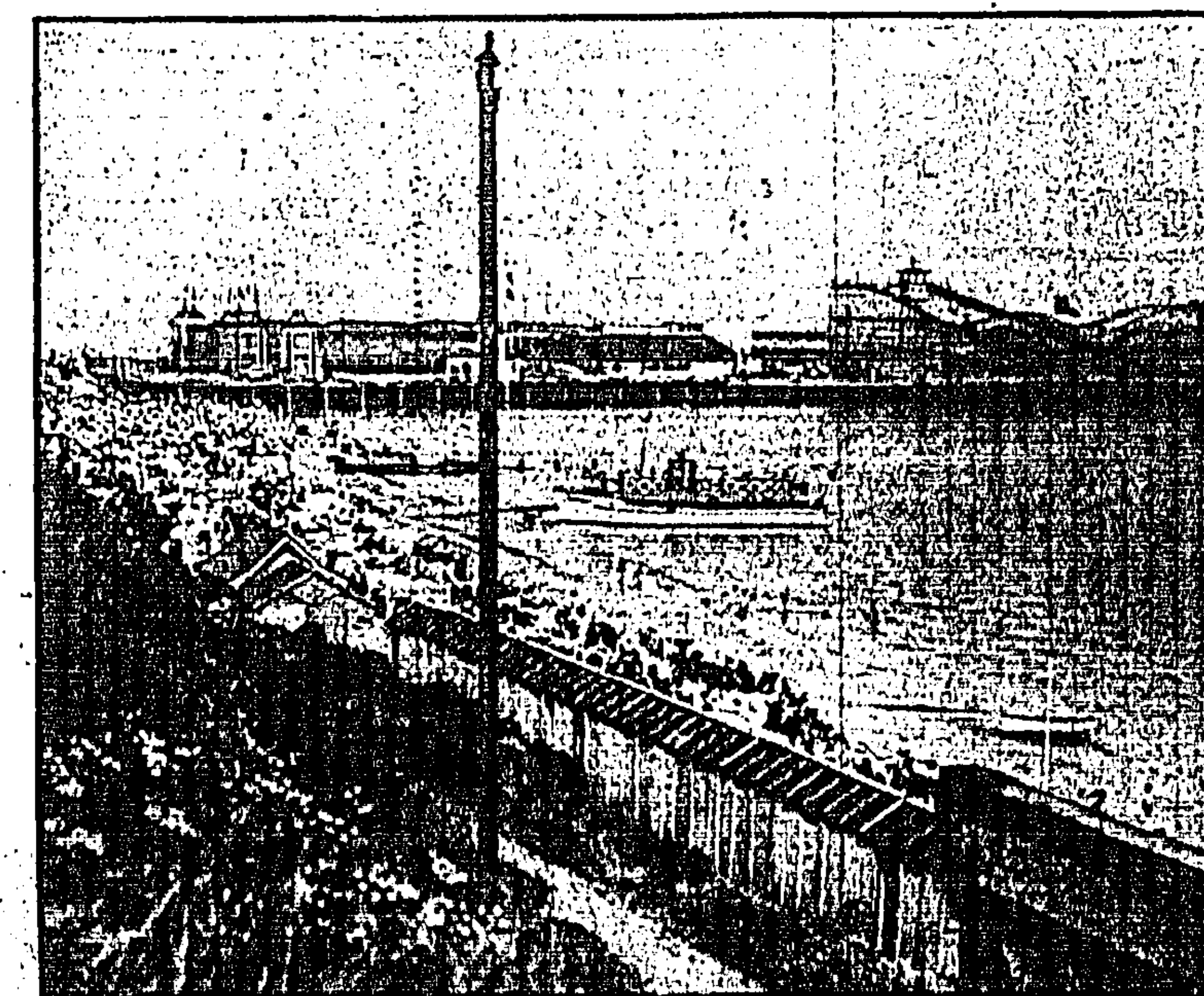


THE first uniforms and armbands to be issued to the newly-revived Home Guard were handed to the 51st Kent Home Guard Battalion last week at the T.A. Centre, Bromley. Mr B. H. Hansford (left) received the first uniform. (Army News Service)



LEFT: Italian actress Cosetta Greco takes refuge in a lift to repair her make-up after fans besieged her at the gala opening of the Italian Film Festival at the New Gallery, Regent Street. (Express Service)

BELOW: Gordon Richards inspects racehorse owner Chris Jarvis's dinner suit on his arrival for a dinner dance given by Mr Jarvis to celebrate his 40th wedding anniversary. Mrs Jarvis is standing by. (Express Service)

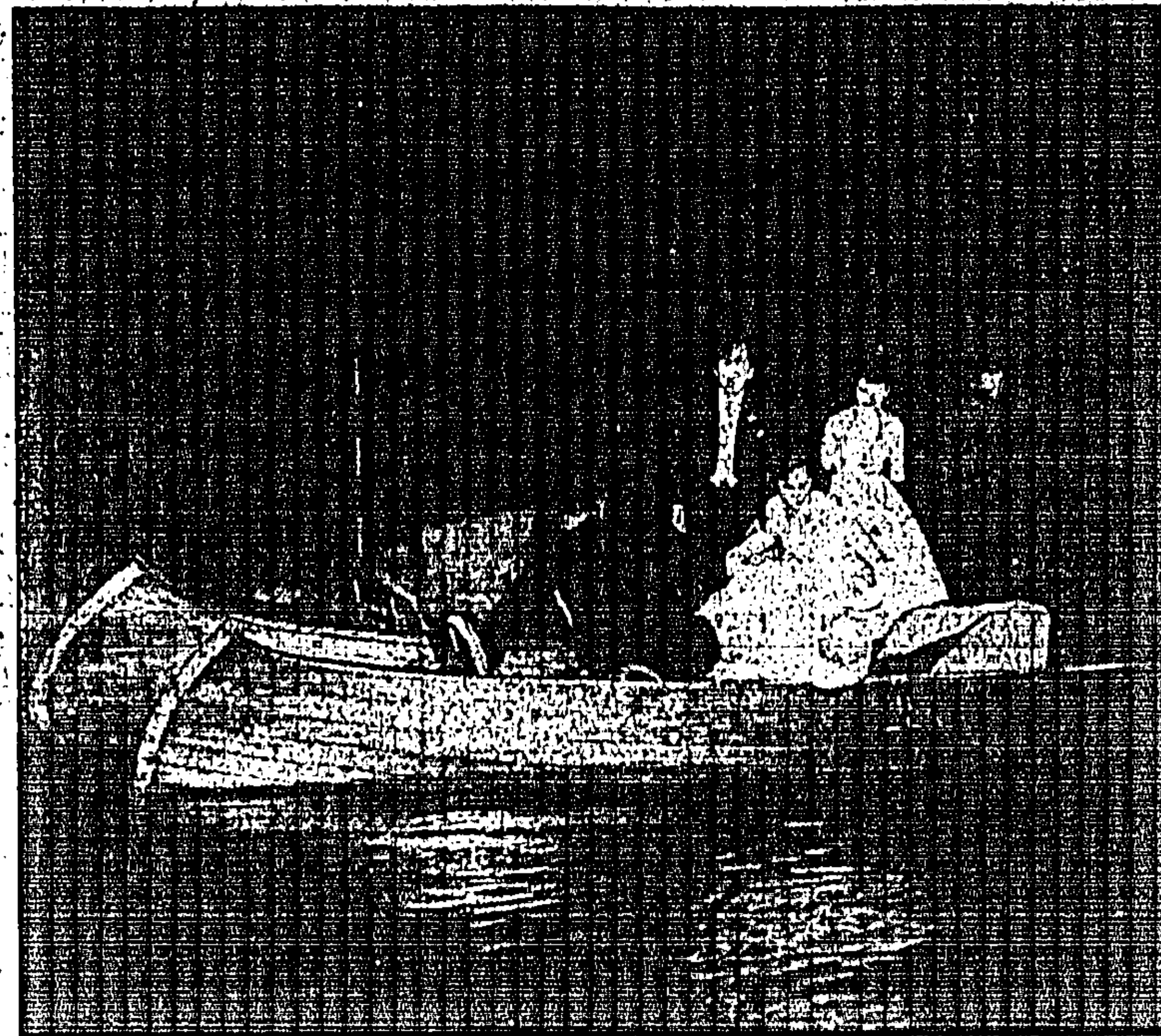
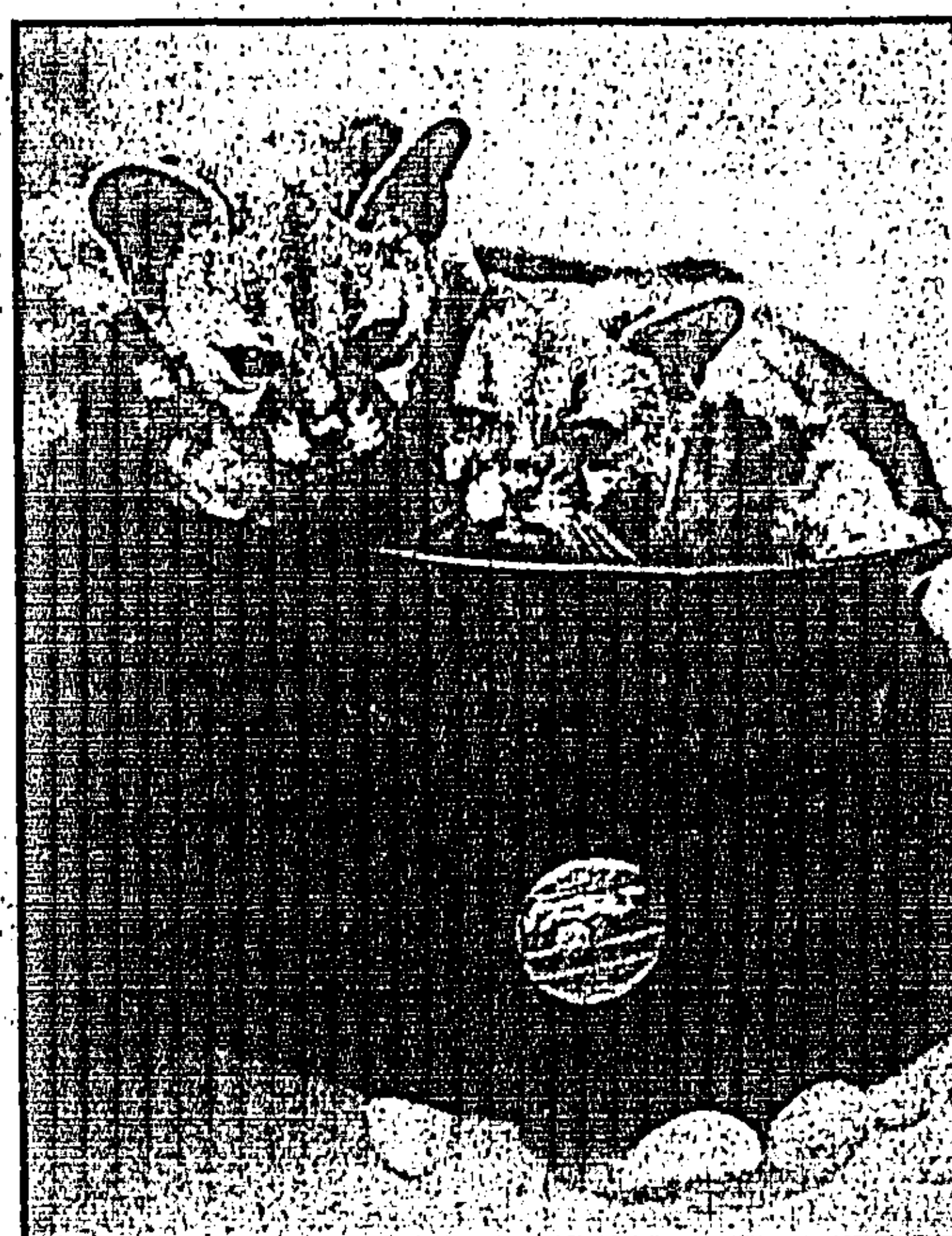


SUMMER beach scene at Clacton-On-Sea, which celebrates its centenary this year. Pleasure boats pull right up to the beach to take holiday-makers along the shore. (Express Service)

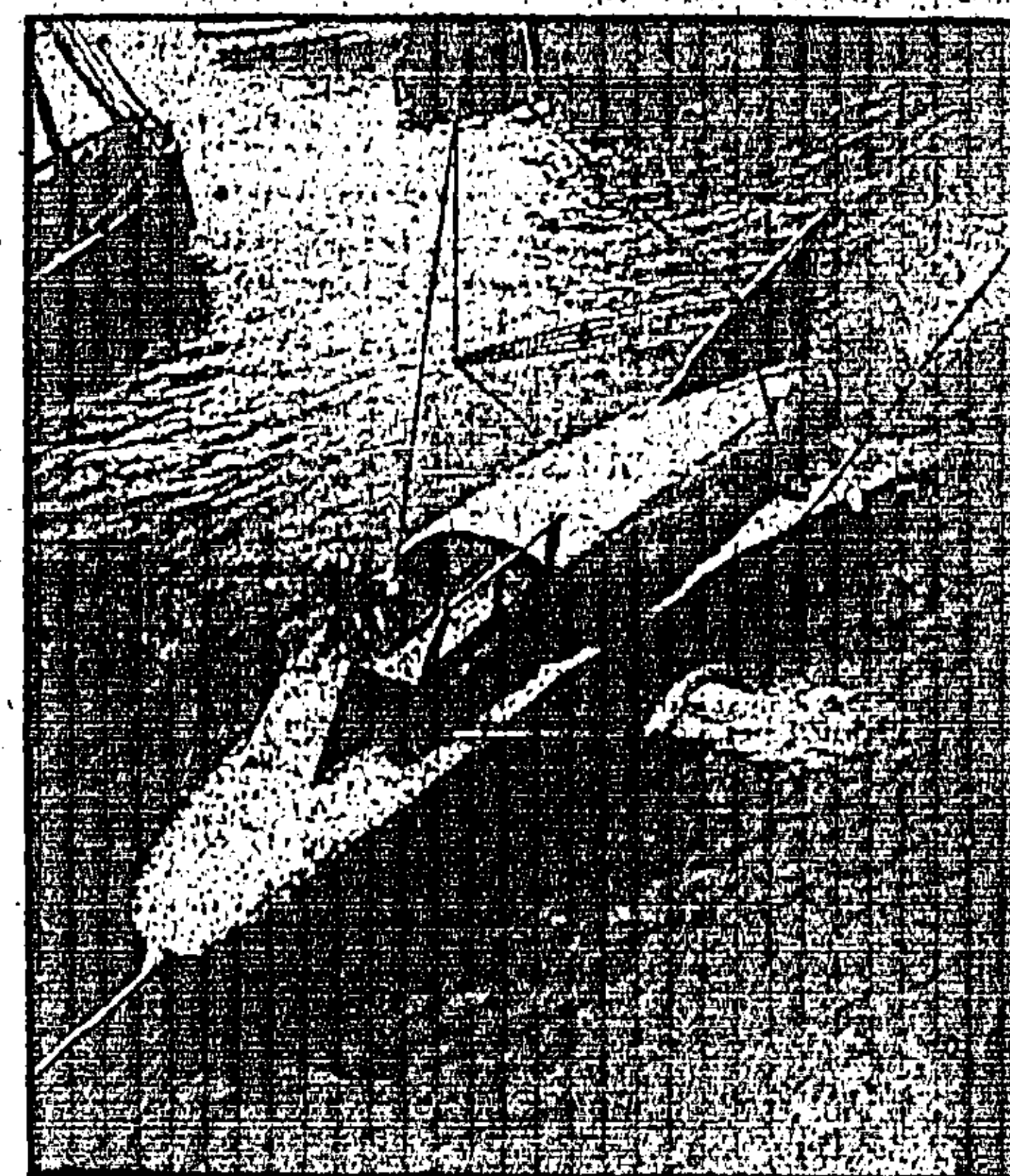


LEAVING the Divorce Court after obtaining a decree nisi against her husband is Countess Russell (centre). The Countess married 80-year-old philosopher Earl Russell (Bertrand Russell) in 1936. She was his third wife. (Express Service)

RIGHT: As clever a 'hat trick' ever made is performed by the London Zoo's Tigrina and Pardina, which manage to wedge themselves tightly in their keeper's cap. They are Blotched Genets, members of the cat family, from Kenya. (Reuterphoto)



GUESTS at the Guards' Boat Club's annual Ascot Week dance board a canoe for a trip on the Thames. The dance drew 1,500 guests, and the Club's riverside lawns were lit with multi-coloured fairy lights. (Express Service)



BELOW: Three joint hostesses at a debutante dance at the Hyde Park Hotel are (left to right) Jane Johnston, 18, Vivien, 19, and Anna Madden, 21. Their mothers spent £1,500 in five hours entertaining 450 guests. (Express Service)

THE specially designed jet hydrofoil, "White Hawk," with which Mr F. E. Manning-Lee and his wife will attempt to break the world's water speed record, now held by America. Scene here is at Margate. (Central Press)

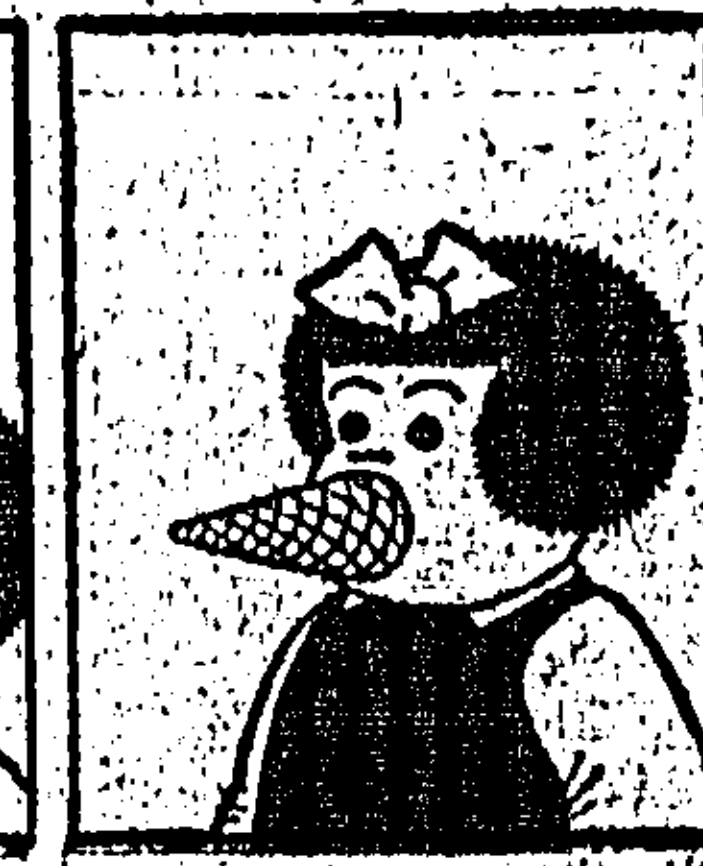
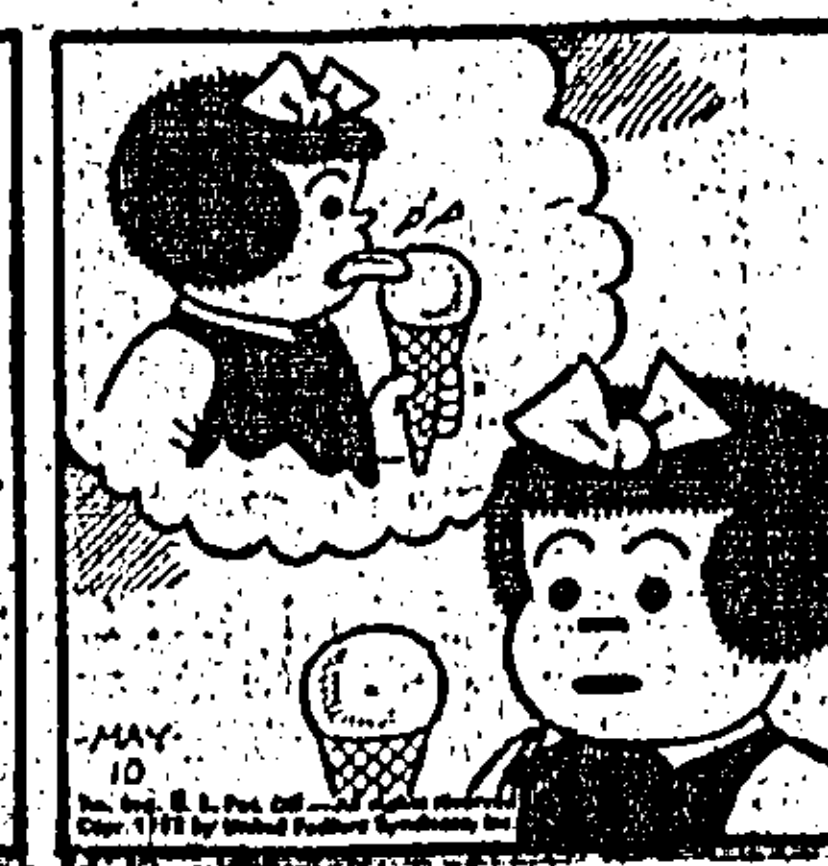


THIS delphinium, blue and bright, was a triumph at the British Delphinium Society's summer show in London. It was raised by Mr Ronald Parretti. (Express Service)



## NANCY Licking The Problem!

By Ernie Bushmiller



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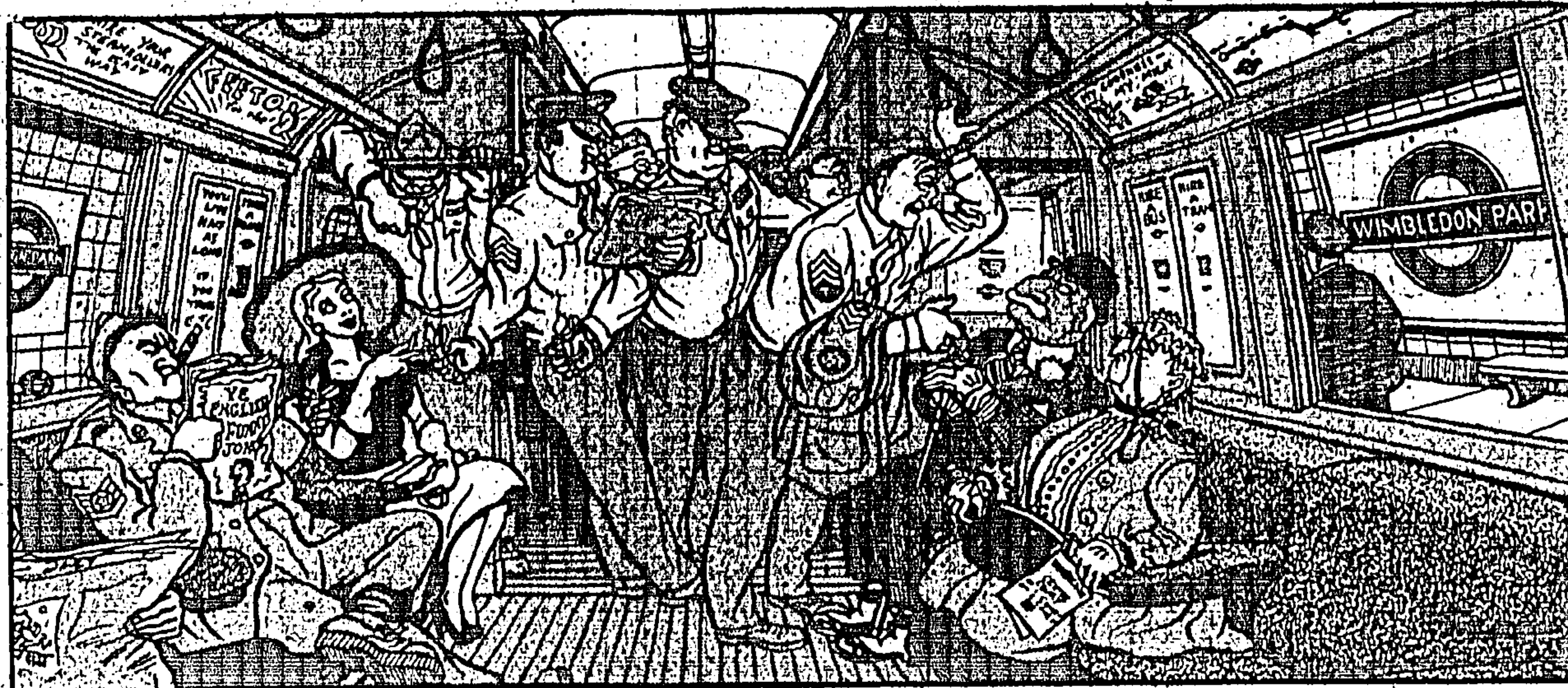
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"Parr me, Bud—is this where we jump for the Little Mo show?"

London Express Service

## We drop in on sum spot isle...

SOMEONE rang up Bernard Wicksteed and said: "How would you like a trip to Ascension?" "Certainly," replied Wicksteed. "Where is it?"

ASCENSION, South Atlantic Ocean. WELL, I am now in a position (7° 54' lat. S.; 14° 25' long. W.) to tell you exactly where Ascension is. It is here, I am standing on it — half-way between Africa and Brazil.

Except for Tristan da Cunha it is about the loneliest island in the British Empire. And one of the strangest.

The whole island is less than a quarter the size of the Isle of Wight, and there are 40 extinct volcanoes on it, each one a different colour.

Only inhabitants are the employees of Cable and Wireless Ltd., plus one policeman. The manager has two desks in his office because he is also the Resident Magistrate and he moves from the one to the other according to whether he is working for the company or the Colonial Office.

There's a gaol on the island but no prisoners, 12 children but no school, 19 European women but no dress shops, a gallows left

behind by the Navy but no one to hang.

Also there are moths but no butterflies, scorpions but no snakes, cats but no dogs, and an unwelcome fly that is so rubbery you can't squash it.

At the moment, the population of Ascension is 171—50 Europeans and 121 people from St Helena, 700 miles south. It was 170, but another was born recently.

### SHANGRI-LA

ALL of them, Europeans and St Helenians, work on this heap of cinders for two and a half years at a stretch. They spend their lives in a communications business, but they have had no mail from home themselves since May 28 and do not expect any till the end of July.

So you can imagine the joyous welcome we get when our R.A.F. Holdings flew in with 400lb. of cabbages, 150lb. of green peas, an ounce of tomato seed, and the script of "Charley's Aunt" for the local dramatic society.

Our 4,400-mile flight from Lincolnshire was part of a navigation training exercise and we landed on an old airstrip built between the volcanoes during the war.

To look at Ascension is something between a strip cartoonist's idea of the surface of the moon and a painting on a kindergarten wall. The

streams of molten lava that poured out of the craters have cooled into a thousand nightmare shapes.

Right in the middle of this multi-coloured desolation is a mountain 2,820 ft. high and the top of it is bright green.

But for this, life on Ascension would be insupportable for the green is vegetation, and the mountain top is a Shangri-La of cool gardens, pastures for cattle, and bungalows among the trees for holidays and week-ends.

It is also the sole source of water. As you might expect, there is whoopee on Ascension tonight. These exiles, whose cables and radio beams keep the world in touch, having put on a party for the visiting R.A.F. crew.

Let's sit out on the verandah and ask Mrs F. G. Eastwood how she manages with the housekeeping. She is the wife of the assistant manager and has two young children.

"It is very healthy," she says. "The kids run around all day without hats or shoes. We get plenty of fresh fish, and milk from the mountain farm."

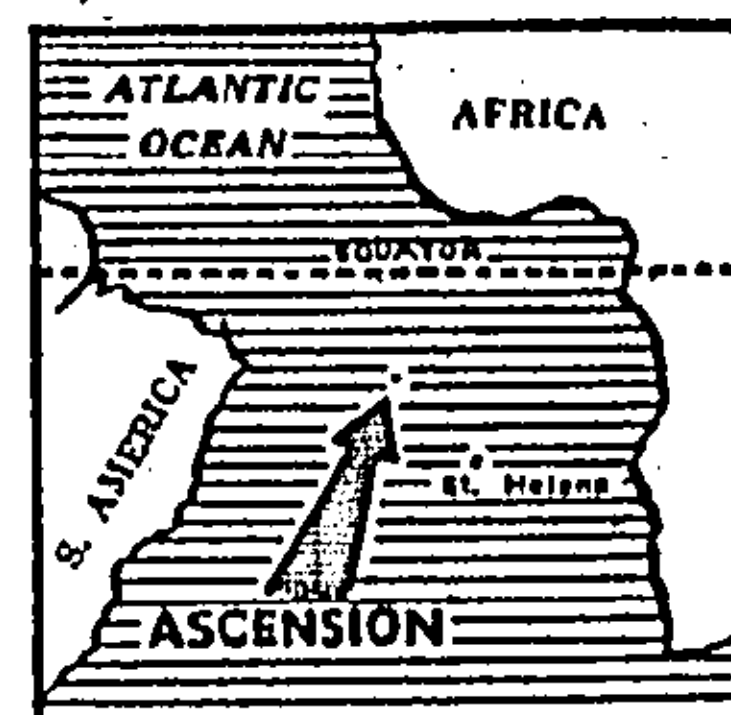
"You have to bring out all the clothes you will need for two and a half years, because you can't buy any here. If you run out of cotton, needles, buttons, or elastic you have to go without. But you can buy lip-slick and powder in the barber's shop when the mail steamer calls."

### ROUNDAABOUT

TWO EVENTS have put Ascension on the map—the surrender of Napoleon and the discovery that "sunspots" upset radio.

The island was first sighted by a Portuguese on Ascension

### WICKSTEED of the isles



—this week ASCENSION

Day, 1801! but no one dreamed of living here till Napoleon was sent to St Helena. Then the Navy put a garrison ashore to prevent it being used as a base for his rescue.

The Navy called it H.M.S. Ascension and garrisoned it with Marines till 1922 when the cable people took it over. It was the Navy who turned the green mountain top into a farm and in true naval tradition they put up cow-sheds and barns to last for ever.

When you look at them you could believe you were in Portsmouth or Chatham Barracks instead of on the top of a mountain in the middle of the sea.

Five deep-sea cables meet on Ascension, but the island's importance today is as a radio link. Sunspots upset east-to-

west communications more than these going north and south.

So when it is difficult to radio direct between Europe and America you can send messages south of Ascension and north again to Montreal.

### GALA NIGHT

DO YOU think you like the life these Britons lead? A ship's captain who called some years ago reported that he found seven women on the island and none of them were on speaking terms.

But if there is anything like that now we do not see it—because tonight on Ascension is gala night and we shan't go to bed till dawn.

## Switzerland changes definition of "chronometer"

UNTIL November 15th, 1951, the Swiss Federation of Watch Manufacturers ruled that the term "chronometer" was descriptive of: "A precision watch regulated in different positions and various temperatures, capable of obtaining an Official Timing Certificate."

On November 16th, 1951, the Federation modified this ruling. It now reads as follows: "A precision watch regulated in different positions, HAVING OBTAINED an Official Timing Certificate."

In other words, in accordance with this new Swiss regulation, no watch may be termed "CHRONOMETER"

unless its precision has been proved by a Swiss Government Testing Station or by an Observatory.

Rolex welcome this new, logical, and clear-cut definition. We feel it will prove beneficial both to the public and to the Swiss watch industry.

We have always considered it necessary to submit our watches to the impartial tests of the Swiss Government. Every Rolex chronometer offered for sale has previously obtained an Official Timing Certificate and bears the words OFFICIALLY CERTIFIED CHRONOMETER on the dial.

This new definition, therefore, vindicates a policy which we have applied strictly for a great many years.



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Having been pioneers in the development of the wrist-watch since it was first timidly introduced at the turn of the century, we record with pride these landmarks in the recent history of time measurement:

- 1902 Our factory is the first to manufacture exclusively movements (for wrist-watches) with lever escapements.
- 1910 Rolex demonstrates, at a Swiss Government Testing Station, that a small wrist-watch can be made accurate enough to obtain an OFFICIAL Timing Certificate.
- 1914 At the world-famous Kew Observatory, Rolex obtains the first class "A" Certificate ever awarded a small wrist-watch. (These stringent tests lasted 44 days in five timing positions and three temperatures and were identical to those applied to large chronometers, no allowance being made for the smaller size of wrist-watch movements. This was, in fact, the first wrist-chronometer ever produced.)
- 1926 To ensure lasting protection to the accuracy of their wrist-watch movements, Rolex invent and patent the world's first waterproof case, known today in every country as the famous Rolex "Oyster."
- 1931 To ensure even greater accuracy through a more even tension of the mainspring, Rolex introduce the forerunner of all modern wrist-watches, the famous "Oyster Perpetual" with the self-winding rotor mechanism.
- 1936 At the Biennale Official Testing Station, 500 Rolex wrist-

chronometers, numbered 501-1000, ALL obtain an Official Timing Certificate with the mention "Especially good results," thus proving as long as 46 years ago that the serial manufacture of wrist-chronometers had been accomplished.

1945 Rolex introduce the famous "Datejust," the world's first waterproof and self-winding wrist-chronometer showing the date automatically.

1949 Rolex obtain 140 class "A" Certificates from Kew Observatory for 140 small round chronometer movements of 21.7 mm., a performance which, so startled the watch industry that its veracity was seriously questioned.

1949 Rolex set a new accuracy record for wrist-chronometers at the famous Geneva Observatory for a round movement of 28.5 mm., with 559 points.

1951 To date, Rolex has obtained more than 175,000 Official Timing Certificates for wrist-chronometers from the various Swiss Government Testing Stations, of which 121,695 are for self-winding wrist-chronometers. (Within the last ten years 69,745 Certificates have carried the mention "Especially good results.")





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## WHAT MAKES A FIRST-CLASS SECRET AGENT?

by **STANLEY MOSS**

AUTHOR OF "ILL  
MET BY MOONLIGHT"

I SUPPOSE I know her as well as any Englishman—Christine Granville, who died with a charge of murder following her death.

She was a person who never spoke about herself nor divulged anything of her feelings, accomplishments, or aspirations.

She used to raise an imperceptible barrier against deep personal relations with anyone.

She would never accept an invitation to any party or social function, and even if you asked her to your home she would come only if you previously assured her that there would be no other guest present.

During the scores of times that I met her I cannot recall a single instance when she uttered a word about herself.

### Just a smile

IF, in effect, I ever asked her a question about her work during the war, she would just give a self-effacing smile and change the subject.

She would accept assistance from no one; and when, after the war, her estates in Poland were confiscated and she found herself jobless in London, she preferred to seek employment as a hotel receptionist or a stewardess rather than to take advantage of Foreign Office or similar posts which many of her British friends and admirers were

anxious to secure for her.

As for her wartime accomplishments, they would make a story of heroism unparalleled. But Christine Granville did not have a book written or a film made about her exploits. Yet she operated as a remarkably successful agent, not merely for a year or two, but from the first days of the war till the last.

### Captured twice

TWICE she was captured by the Gestapo and on both occasions she escaped by her own devices.

She made 19 parachute jumps. She rescued three Allied officers from the condemned cell of an S.S. gaol.

When no man could be found to cross the Carpathians in the mid-winter of 1940 to retrieve some secret documents from Poland, Christine Granville volunteered to go.

Not only did she go, but lone-handed she returned there five times and was successful on each occasion.

Characteristically, she sought no reward for her achievements, and it was only through the insistence of those who appreciated all she had accomplished that she was persuaded to accept the George Medal and the O.B.E.

It was not difficult to understand why Christine was such a brilliant agent. Her reticence, even among close friends, was sufficient indication of her superbly controlled character. Her coolness, her modesty, and—unusual thing in present-day spies and agents—her great beauty of face and figure thoroughly equipped her for this most perilous of jobs.

But there is another point about her which I think we would do well to consider, for we are liable to develop con-

ventionally short memories of erst-

while allies. Christine Granville was a Pole. The Yalta Conference had taken place before she parachuted into France. She knew that her country had been sold to Russia and that she herself would not only be unable to return there but would also be deprived of everything that she had striven and fought for.

In a sentence, she had nothing whatever to gain, but her life to lose, and yet she was not for a moment deterred.

She continued the struggle, just as the Polish divisions on the main battle front went on fighting, long after it was known that Poland's cause had been sacrificed for the common benefit of the other allies.

If, I say, I see, been stated, that she sometimes dined in a small restaurant with a Polish friend, who was described as a small-time builder and decorator. What has not been said was that the small-time builder and decorator was a major of the Carpathian Lancers who holds not only the British Military Cross but was also twice awarded the Virtuti Militari, the Polish equivalent of the Victoria Cross.

### Our debt

LUDWIG POPIEL is this man's name. He is one of the bravest men I have ever met (he won his M.C. for capturing a German machine-gun nest when armed only with a handful of bricks), and so is his cousin, who was Christine Granville's closest friend.

This cousin, whose entire family was butchered by the Germans, lost his right leg in an accident just before the war, but this did not prevent him from becoming a parachutist and an extremely active secret agent.

It is people like him, like Major Popiel, to whom we owe a debt which we can never properly repay. Too long have these people who live in thousands among us been denied any open-handed gesture of friendship and acknowledgement. Perhaps, then, this is a fitting moment for such a gesture to be made.

(London Express Service)

## HIS LORDSHIP DEALT IN MILLIONAIRES

JOE DUVEEN was popular with deck stewards on Atlantic liners. But he could never understand their delight when he tipped them a mere 100 dollars for moving his deck-chair.

A trifle, admittedly, when the final result of the chair-moving is remembered—the passing of 5,000,000 dollars into the hands of Duveen, the world's most successful art dealer.

Deck stewards, valets, butlers, were the instruments with which Duveen arranged "chance" meetings with American millionaires.

These meetings blossomed into friendships with a happy ending. Happy for Duveen, and happy for the millionaires.

These industrial magnates who came to wealth in the virile era of American adolescence, had immense power, but lacked the trappings of majesty. Duveen offered them beauty, and even a sort of immortality. He could change them from mere magnates into art patrons. He convinced them he was the only man who could give them this boon. To this end he was ruthless with rival art dealers.

By **GEORGE SCOTT**

He would subtly deprecate the value or blatantly deny the authenticity of works of art that were a rival dealer's of Duveen when he died in 1939, aged 69: "We miss him, but we are glad he has gone."

★

Duveen's cardinal dictum was: "When you pay high for the priceless you're getting it cheap." He made large profits out of his clients—his biggest single deal brought him \$7,000,000 for 42 items—but he paid out immense sums himself.

He bought eight large collections in 50 years; invested \$9,000,000 in them. His clients often owed him millions at a time, but he never charged them interest. It cost him nearly \$200,000 a year to run his three establishments in New York, Paris, and London.

In 1908 he owed \$2,000,000. When he made his last sale, after half a century of speculation, he was out of debt, had \$2,000,000 in the bank, and "stock" worth \$2,000,000.

"In America," he once said, "they want only the top-notchers. If I had the Sixtine Chapel, I could sell it tomorrow half a dozen times over."

To satisfy the millionaires he deprived Britain and Europe of some of their finest works of

art. He transformed U.S. taste. As the American dramatist S. N. Behrman says, in a biography of Duveen published recently, he "forced American collectors to accumulate great things, instead of their usual taste for the collecting and finally got their collections into museums, making it possible for the American people to see a large share of the world's most beautiful art without having to go abroad."

Money, power, and intimacy with the great and noble—Queen Mary, for instance, was his friend and patron—came to Joe Duveen. So did a knighthood, and, in 1933, a peerage.

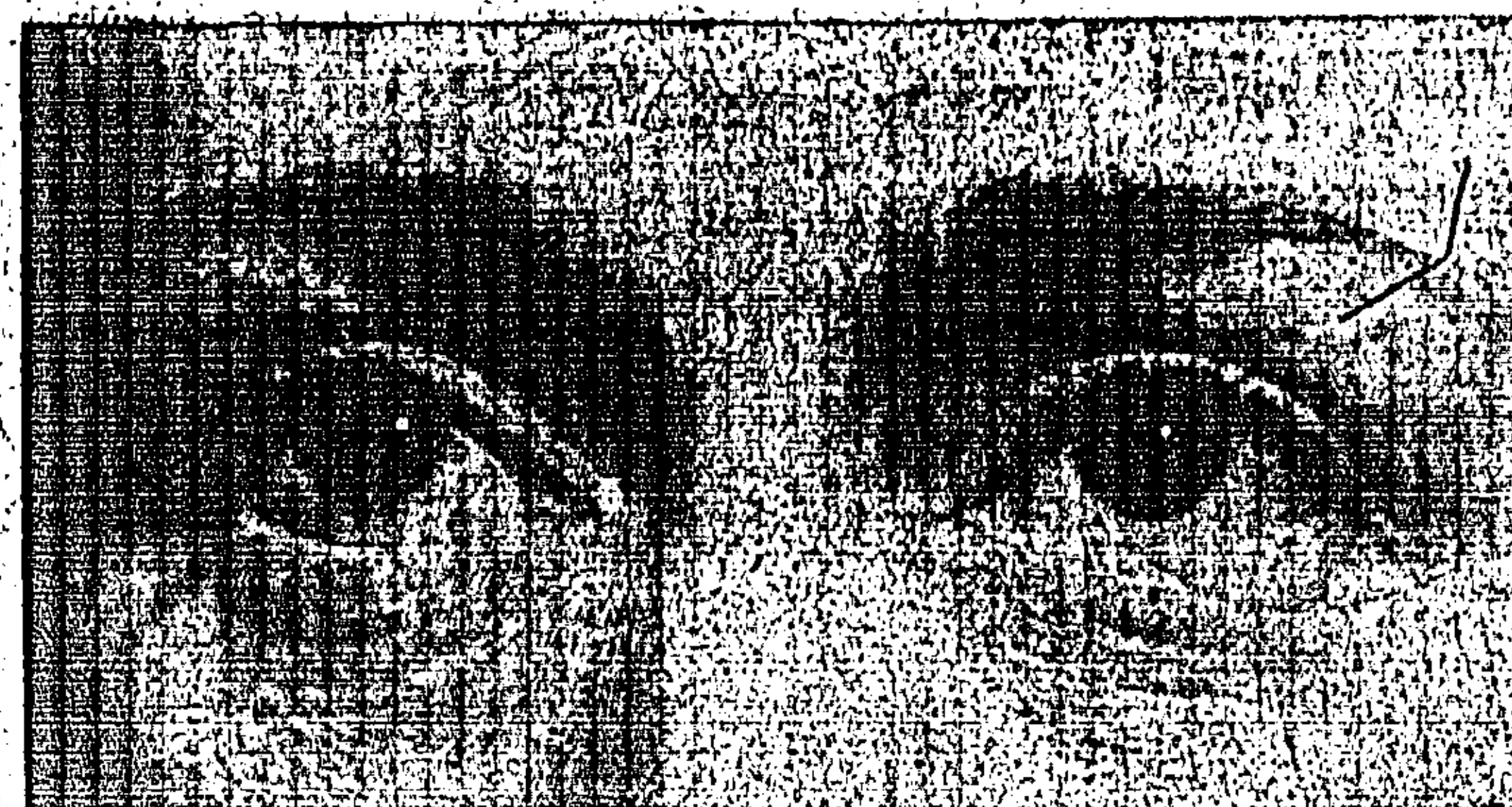
★

Lord Duveen of Millbank, as he called himself—the man who had been born over the Hull deli-and-furniture shop of a Dutch father—lived to be told a great man and finally got the recognition of his own importance.

To save friends in trouble he would pay "Duveen prices" for their paintings, which were worthless to him. He gave \$200,000 to the British Red Cross, presented the gallery for the Elgin Marbles to the British Museum, made large gifts to the Tate and National Galleries.

Altogether he gave away more than \$3,000,000.

"Duveen," by S. N. Behrman (Hamish Hamilton, 12s. 6d.).



## LONELIEST EYES

Only two people can be found to whom everything in life lacks every colour.

By **Joseph Garrity**

FOR two years scientists have been looking for people who are totally colour blind.

They have found only two among Britain's 50,000,000 population.

Now the scientists—the Vision Research unit of the Institute of Ophthalmology—urgently need a third to carry on their researches.

One in ten men and one in 500 women suffer from some form of colour-blindness.

But to two people the world is permanently grey. Sunsets, paintings, flowers, trees, a child's bright eyes are just a dull shade between black and white.

What is life like without colour? First meet:—

### THE MAN

ALFRED RAYMOND JACKSON, 25-year-old clerk, of Welwyn Garden City, has always been a fellow who would pass in a crowd.



In his little bungalow this good-humoured, bespectacled Serviceman lives a normal family life with his wife and baby son. But recently he leaped to fame.

"The scientists," he said, "told me that the nearest analogy of my condition is that I see life as a three-dimensional monochrome movie."

"I muddled through my boyhood years mystified and embarrassed. But now I can identify many colours by experience, deduction, and common sense."

He pointed to my pencil. "To me that is the lightest shade of grey," he said. "Experience has told me that yellow, dirty white, and pink fall into that tone category. It is unlikely to be white or pink so I would say it is yellow."

His deduction was correct.

Mr Jackson first described his own front door as red. After an astonished protest from his wife he correctly identified it as green.

"My problem was largely solved when I married," he said. "I can play safe now by leaving my wife to decide about colours."

"When I was younger I used to make some shocking blunders when buying clothes. I once bought a frightful green hat thinking it was brown. I overcame this by permanently wearing an ensemble of grey and marmoset—shades easier for me to guess."

Mr Jackson is a keen amateur photographer. But he confessed: "I cannot tell the difference between photographs and paintings."

Although he is fond of his garden he cannot pick out many flowers from the grey background of leaves. When he photographs his roses he sees them as different shades of grey as they appear in the finished print.

### THE WOMAN

MRS JOAN GRANT, 31, of Olton, near Birmingham, is the woman.

"It is really no great hardship to me," she said. "I see the world as a photograph, but

ALFRED JACKSON—TOTALLY COLOUR BLEND  
A "man in fifty million."



MRS GRANT—AND EMBROIDERY  
Each twist of coloured silk is tabbed for her.

Mrs Grant, mother of three, is attractive, with a jolly personality. "I dare not use rouge," she laughed, "because I do not know what my complexion is."

"Mother on whom I rely mainly for guidance in all matters concerning colour, selected a lipstick with a number. But I never leave the house unless assured that my face is presentable."

"My sight is perfect in every other respect, but my mirror does not tell me that I have golden hair and blue-grey eyes or that I have made a mess in applying lipstick or powder."

Mrs Grant never discloses her disability to shop assistants. She said: "Dress shops used either to take advantage of my colour blindness, or they would embark on boring questions."

"I have developed much cunning in discovering the colours of materials without having to ask anybody."

By **Frank Robbins**

### JOHNNY HAZARD



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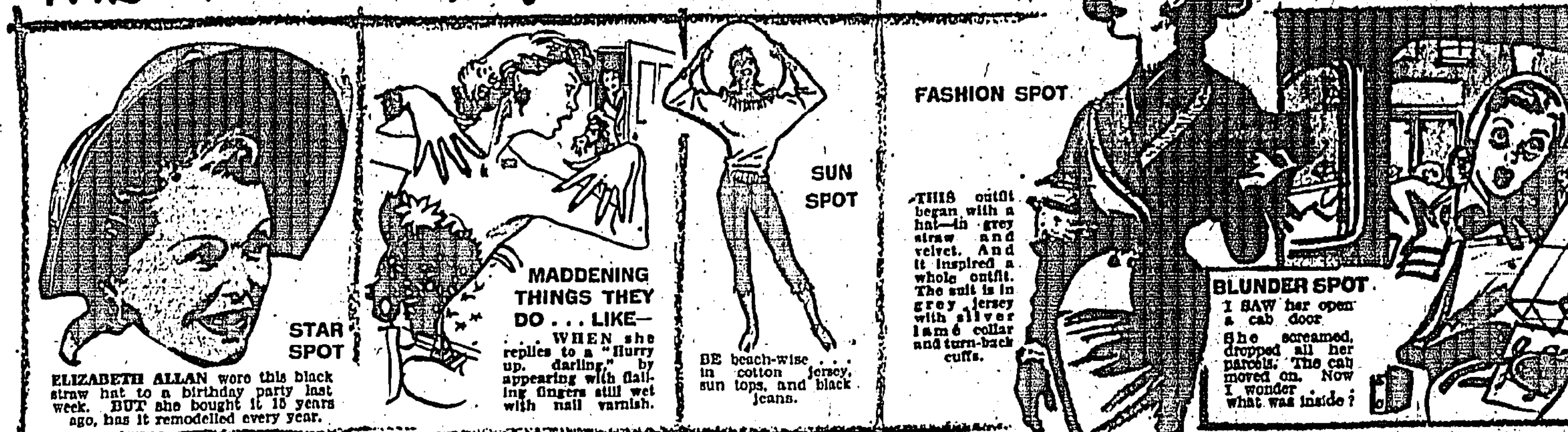
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# WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

A famous artist introduces... for the joy of it... a man's-eye view of a woman's world by ROBB—

## THE THINGS THEY DO—



STAR SPOT

ELIZABETH ALLAN wore this black straw hat to a birthday party last week. But she bought it 15 years ago, has it remodelled every year.

MADDENING THINGS THEY DO... LIKE

WHEN she replies to "But up, darling," by appearing with flailing fingers still wet with nail varnish.

SUN SPOT

BE beach-wise... sun tops and black jeans.

FASHION SPOT

THIS outfit began with a hat—a grey straw and velvet. And it inspired a whole outfit. The suit is in grey jersey with a large collar and turn-back cuffs.

BLUNDER SPOT

I SAW her open a cab door. She screamed, dropped all her parcels. The cab moved on. Now I wonder what was inside!

## IT'S A "NO FRILLS" WIMBLEDON

By Dorothy Barkley

THE leader of tennis fashion at Wimbledon this year is the youngest of the women tennis players, seventeen-year-old Miss Maureen "Little Mo" Connolly.

The 10-outfit, £140 tennis wardrobe has been designed by Teddy Tinning—the same Teddy Tinning who created Gussie Moran's now legendary lace parties. But there is not one frill, not one inch of lace in Little Mo's wardrobe. "I'm just not a frilly person," she said. "I like tailored clothes."

But though they are tailored, her clothes have attractive details. "It makes all the difference for people watching," she explained.

So the brief shorts and dresses that she wears have petal-edged hems, and are embroidered on the collar with tennis rackets in gold, red or blue thread. With them go cardigans in shocking pink, lime yellow or bright red, which provide an unexpected splash of colour.

★ ★ ★

Her shorts and dresses are crisp, fresh and beautifully cut. They are in easy-to-laundry materials—cotton pique, waffle pique, orlon (the newer-than-nylon material), and Frostbar (a new rayon shirtdress with a self-coloured check woven into it). Dresses and skirts are sleeveless. With the new fashionable old-fashioned low-cut armhole, which is particularly suitable for sportswear, since it gives plenty of freedom in action. Cardigans, also cut for action, have deepest bat-wing sleeves. Little Mo's favourite outfit for the first day's play at Wimbledon: made in Frostbar, it goes by the name of "Flower Dress" because of its petal-edged hemline, and is partnered by a shocking pink silk jersey cardigan which has her initials embroidered on the pocket. (Illustrated centre). Another dress has gold buttons and her name written in longhand on the waistline in gold studs; a third has a heart-shaped pocket embroidered in red braid.

Her accessories are both practical and original. Take for example the red, blue and white striped "Tea Interval" coat. It is loose, sleeveless, and made of a fifty-fifty wool and cotton mixture. It is ideal

for slipping on between matches or during the tea interval, and is the kind of extra that tennis players anywhere will find really useful.

And then consider her scarves. They are made in terry towelling, and dyed to match her cardigans. These would be very practical for any tennis player.

Though Little Mo has undoubtedly given the tennis fashion lead, the other women players are equally determined to look their best at Wimbledon. And players from overseas in particular are keeping well in the front of this fashion picture. There is Mrs. Weiss from the Argentine, whose charming little dress is illustrated here. (Right). It has a little Peter Pan collar, five-button front, the fashionable

low armhole, and a full skirt gathered onto the waistline. And there is Mrs. Redick-Smith, from South Africa. She has chosen a permanently pleated shirtdress with which she wears a white T-shirt.

Two British players—Mrs. Joan Walker-Smith and Miss Lorna Cornell—have a preference for shorts. Mrs. Walker-Smith has waffle pique shorts, with scalloped edges, and J-E-A-N embroidered in gold studs. Miss Cornell has a shorts-and-shirt outfit, also in waffle pique, with a row of silver studs trimming the trousered shirt cuffs and shorts' turn-ups.

It is, undeniably, a well-dressed Wimbledon this year. But nowhere yet is there anything as startling as those sensational inches of lace.



RIGHT: Tennis dress with full short skirt worn by Mrs. Weiss.

Three outfits for Little Mo:

Centre: Flower Dress in Frostbar. It has a petal-edged hemline and is worn with a shocking pink silk jersey cardigan.

Left: Tea-Interval Coat in red, blue and white stripes. Top: Shirt and shorts in waffle pique, with tennis rackets embroidered in gold thread round the collar.

## FASHION DECREES THE "LIGHT TOUCH"

By MARILYN MARSHALL

ARE you guilty of "borrowing" from the baby? No, we don't mean borrowing from her little piggy bank. We mean those furtive trips you make to the nursery for the sole purpose of swiping the fluffy cotton balls which are so necessary to a baby's grooming. If you are guilty, then you've probably discovered how invaluable they are for your own grooming. But why be a cotton-snatcher? Instead, lay in your own supply and start experimenting with their myriad uses.

Today, sterile, absorbent cotton balls are a dressing table "must" for good grooming. Convenient and ready-made, the balls are formed of fine white long-fibre virgin cotton that won't unravel, are handy as all get-out.

The well-groomed girl will find them invaluable for removing nail polish, applying powder, skin tonics, lotions, for oiling dry scalp, removing make-up, or all kinds.

Soaked in boric acid solution, they're soothing to wind and sun-strained eyes. Smart women also keep a box handy in the medicine chest for emergency use in applying antiseptics to cuts and scratches.

Where glamour is concerned, however, one of the greatest uses for cotton balls is in the application of make-up. As you've probably observed, make-up fashions for 1952 call for a light hand. Heavy make-up is out—but definitely. Instead, skin emerges fresh, radiant, from a light veil of powder; comes alive from a skilful blush of rouge. And cotton balls are perfect for achieving that light loveliness.

So why not perfect a new powdering technique—one that will guarantee smoothness and stay-on quality? First, start with a sparkling clean surface. Then dip a cotton ball into the powder until it is coated generously. Now, press it gently onto the face. (There's no place in your powdering routine for fluffing, patting or rubbing.)

Work from the throat up and then down the face, across the forehead, and to the other side.

Finish off by saturating a cotton ball with cologne. Press the cotton ball until it is almost dry, then hold it on the powder-soaked face to further "set" the powder. This helps to remove the sticky look.

Cotton balls can also come in handy for an emergency shampoo. Soaked well with cologne or toilet water, they can be used to go over the hair, strand by strand, just before setting. The hair will be set perfectly in less than half an hour, and combed into a perfect wave. This method of "shampooing" is for emergency purposes only, however; should never be used in place of your regular shampoo. But there are times when it is a boon. Just as cotton balls are a boon always.

## FASHION SPOT by ROBB

### IT'S NEW FOR THE EVENING

HUBERT DE GIVENCHY, the new French designer, thought this one up—the stole/bolero drawn by Robb. It's the easy-to-make, bridge between an ordinary day coat and a full-dress evening cape.

To make it you need four yards of any rather stiff material: pique, grosgrain, ottoman silk, thick dupion or faille. Another four yards of organza or gay-coloured cotton is wanted to line it completely, so that if you like you can make it reversible.

The back, tightly fitted, has a centre seam and two darts running up from the waist. The sides of the bodice are cut in "one" with the elbow-length sleeves.

## THE WOMAN, THE JOB AND THE BOSS

By GAY PAULEY

New York. Some employers still are reluctant to hire women for top jobs but they're getting fewer every spring.

That's the report from Gordon Taylor, the head of Mutual Positions Plan Association, a non-profit outfit which specialises in finding people for jobs paying \$5,000 a year and up. The association, in its fourth year, was set up by a group of concerns which wanted a clearing house for the executive type of worker. It has 2,000 members in 48 states and nine foreign countries.

Taylor said some bosses insist they want a man for a job and

sometimes he has to educate them into seeing that a woman would fit better. There was the case when one employer kept hiring male office managers for an office full of girls.

"I finally convinced him," said Taylor, "that he was losing the men he hired because it was a job for a woman."

There's been only one case, Taylor said, in which he was unable to find a woman applicant the type of work she wanted.

"She was an agronomist," he explained. "You know... one of those people who oversees estates. The trouble is, not many people have estates any more."

"I understand there are plenty of job openings these days for secretaries, typists and filing clerks," he continued, "but we're not placing any of those."

"We just worry about career women. Secretaries and typists aren't career women. They just want a job until they find a man."

### Be Conservative

Whether you are a career woman or just husband-hunting, Taylor says there are certain rules of job-hunting which will help sell you to a prospective employer.

"Don't use an over-load of greasy lipstick," he warned. "It's unappealing to most employers. Don't dress in high fashion on an interview. You may argue you're up to date, but remember your employer probably is 10 years behind in his reading of Vogue."

"Wear a conservative, neat outfit and carry gloves even if you don't wear them. Don't wear gaudy nail polish. Don't chatter. Just answer questions. Don't smoke, unless you're invited to. Have your references ready. Don't wear a sweater, even after you get the job. The men in the office may approve but it's the boys you're out to please. He's probably a pretty conservative old bird."



## Furniture Arrangement

Separating the dining and living areas is a brace of armless chairs done in lime-yellow linen. These are set at right angles to a six-foot bench table with rows of small drawers for storage space. In back of the armless chairs is a small buffet.

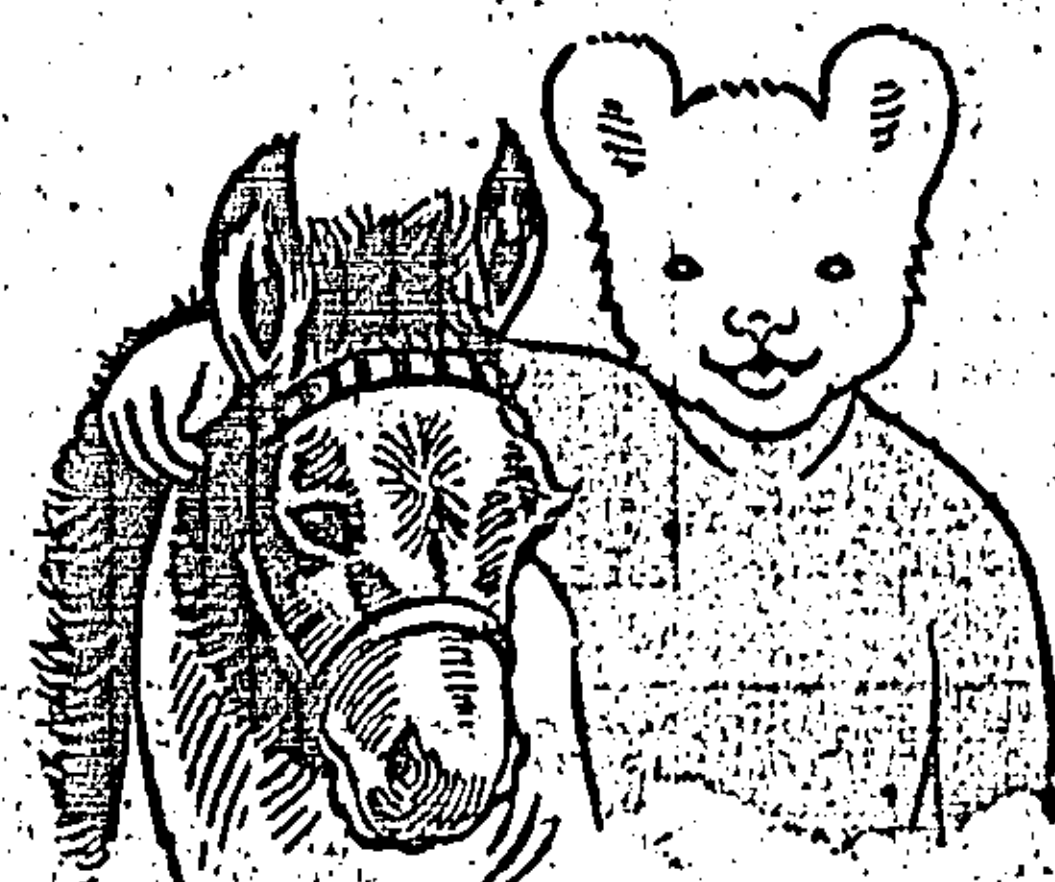
The dining area includes a wall of shallow cabinets and a rectangular mobile table that can be rolled partially under the sideboard between meals. Teak dining chairs are orange-upholstered. With the contemporary modern there are a few traditional pieces that blend in perfectly. The various yellow shades carry over into the bedroom, where the furniture is teak, the rug green.

### Citrus Again

The citrus tones appear again in another apartment, a two-room layout with teak furniture, and gray and white offsetting the orange and lemon tones. We liked the dining bay, with its Italian provincial pieces in fruitwood. Woodwork, textured draperies and sheer curtains are all white. Two sofas are done in white chintz with touches of black and golden brown.

Pride of the room is an 18th-century Chinese console with a pair of cane-topped benches underneath. These can be pulled out to serve as individual tables in front of the sofas.

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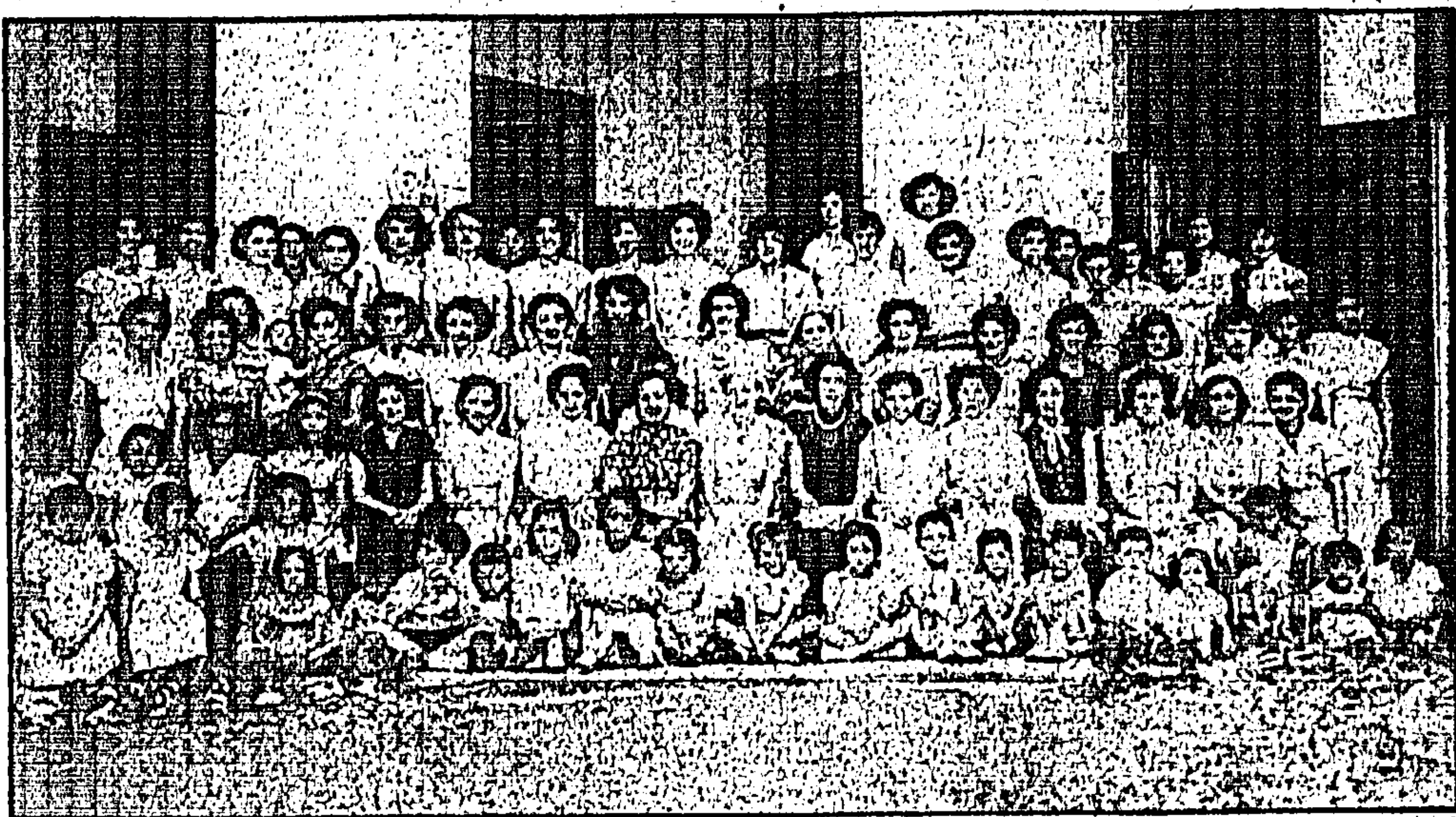
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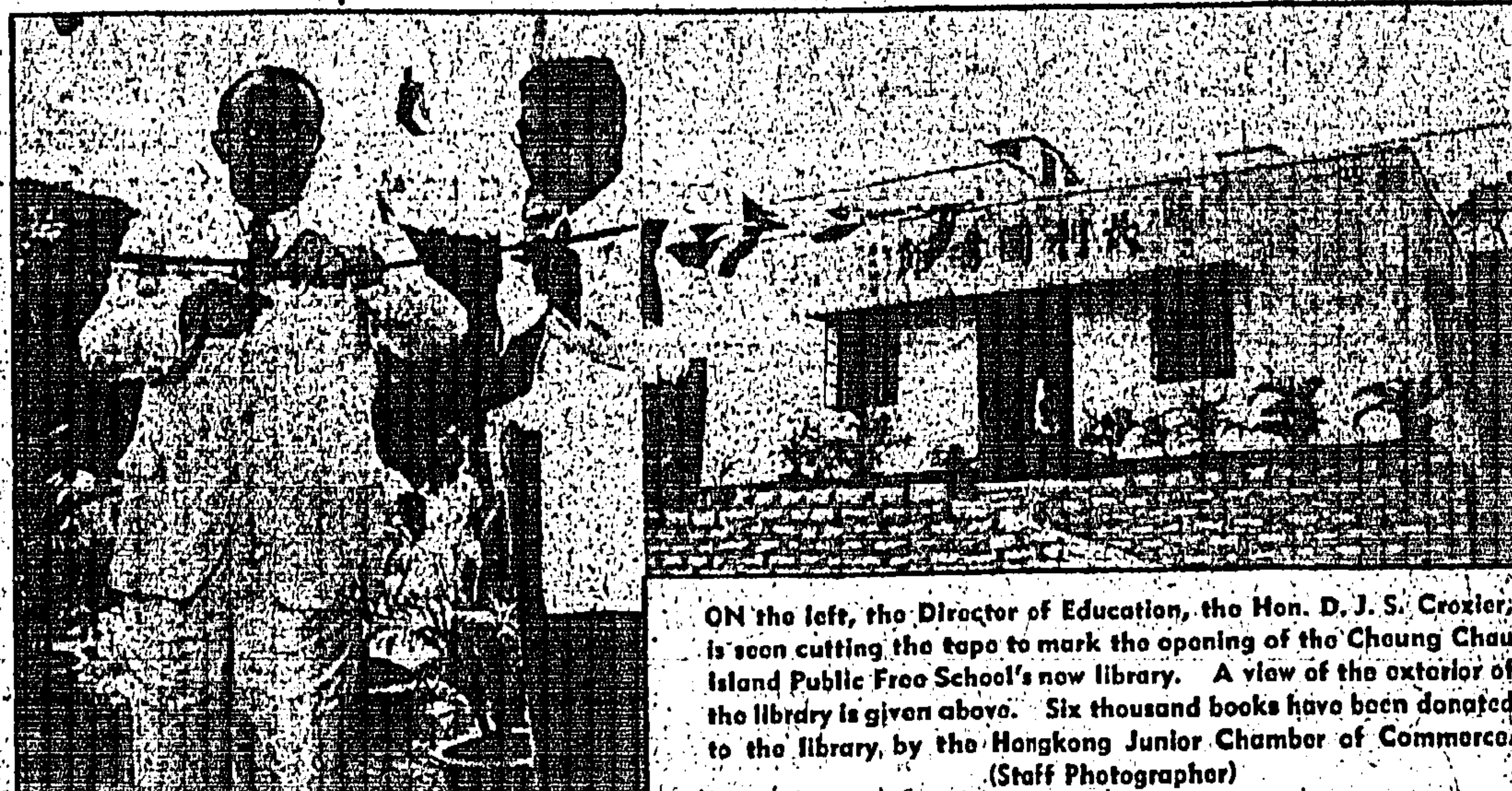
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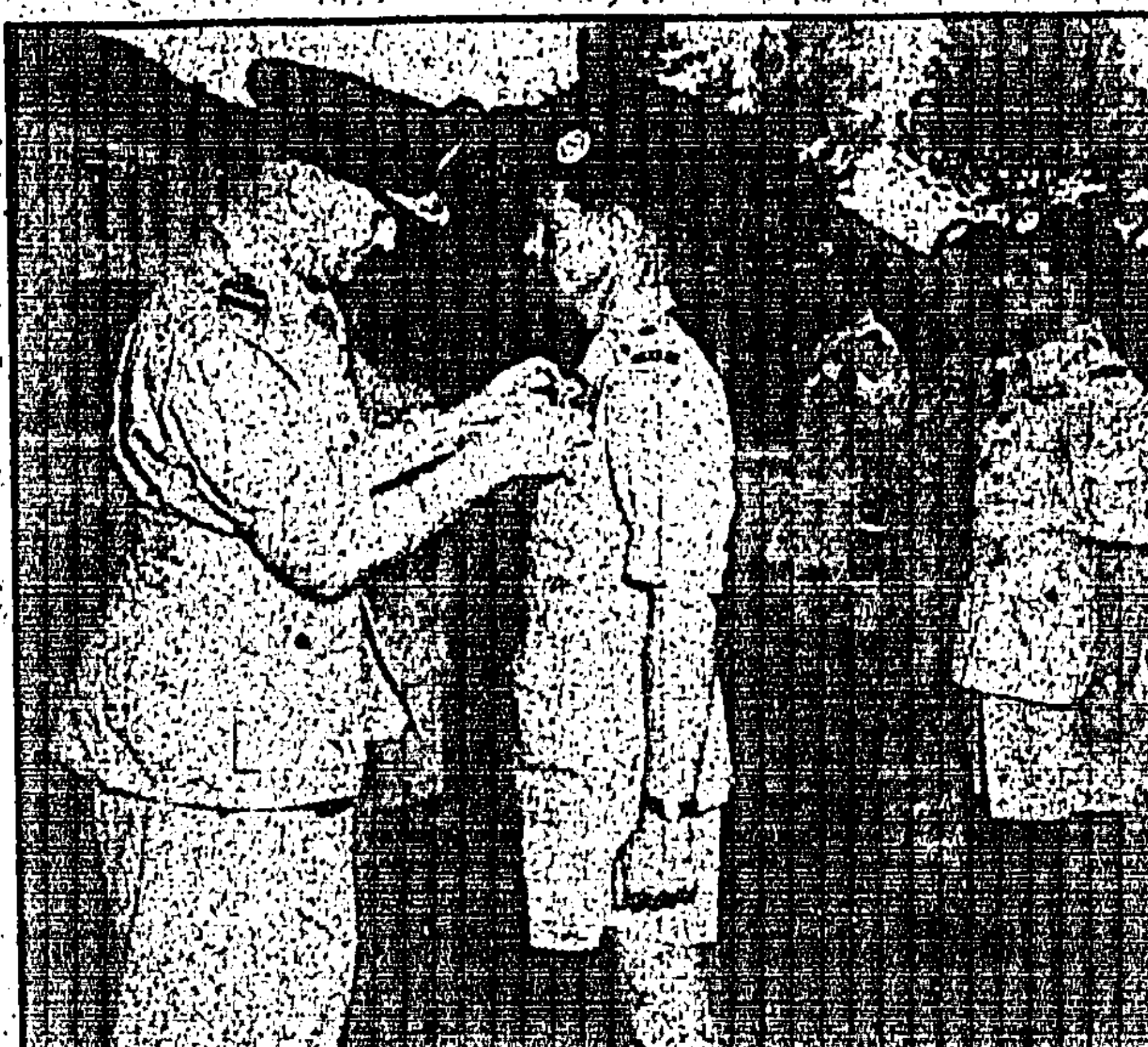


GROUP picture taken at the annual reunion of past students of the Diocesan Girls' School last Saturday. (Staff Photographer)



ON the left, the Director of Education, the Hon. D. J. S. Crozier, is seen cutting the tape to mark the opening of the Chung Chau Island Public Free School's new library. A view of the exterior of the library is given above. Six thousand books have been donated to the library by the Hongkong Junior Chamber of Commerce. (Staff Photographer)

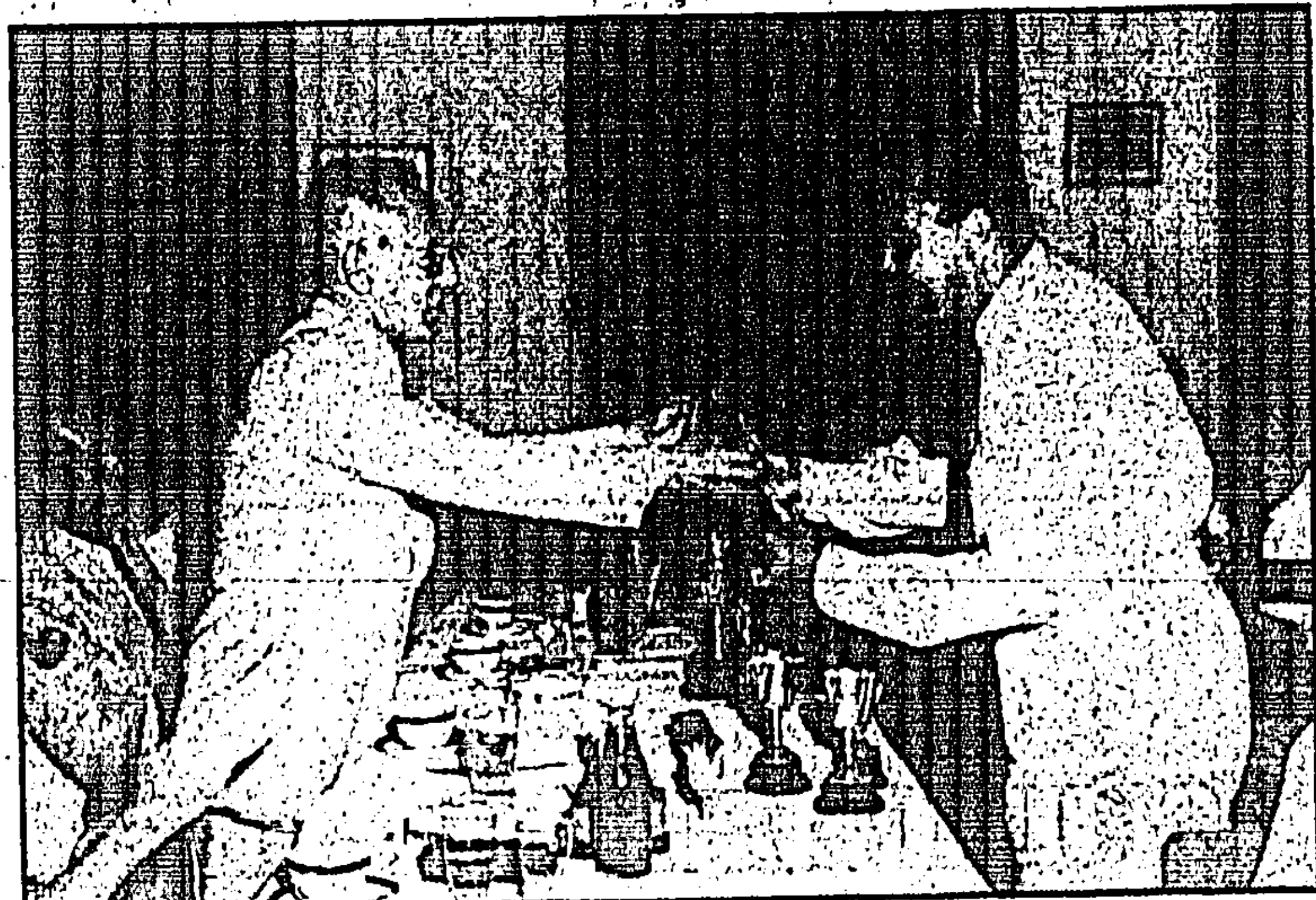
RIGHT: His Excellency the Governor, Sir Alexander Grantham, pictured at one of the welfare centres in Kowloon which he visited last week before his departure on leave. With His Excellency are seen Mr. J. C. McDouall, Social Welfare Officer, and Miss Dorothy Lee, Principal Youth Welfare Officer. (Staff Photographer)



MR. S. E. Faber, Honorary Air Commodore of the Hongkong Auxiliary Air Force, presented wings last week to four sergeant pilots who recently completed their training. Picture was taken at Defence Force headquarters, where the ceremony took place. (Staff Photographer)



SARDAR K. M. Panikkar, outgoing Indian Ambassador to Peking, addressing members of the India Association of Hongkong who feted him at the Repulse Bay Hotel last Sunday. (Ming Yuen)



SCENE at the Kowloon Cricket Club last week when sports prizes were presented by the President, Mr. Ezra Abraham. Mr. E. C. Fincher (right), Captain of the Club's Second Eleven, which won the Second Division championship in the cricket league, is receiving the shield. (Staff Photographer)

RIGHT: Bridal group at St John's Cathedral after the wedding of Mr Andrew Drummond Angus and Miss Cecily Mary Ayris. (Staff Photographer)



NEWLYWEDS Vincent Wong and Betty Tso are caught by the camera beaming happily after their wedding last week at the Rosary Church. (Staff Photographer)

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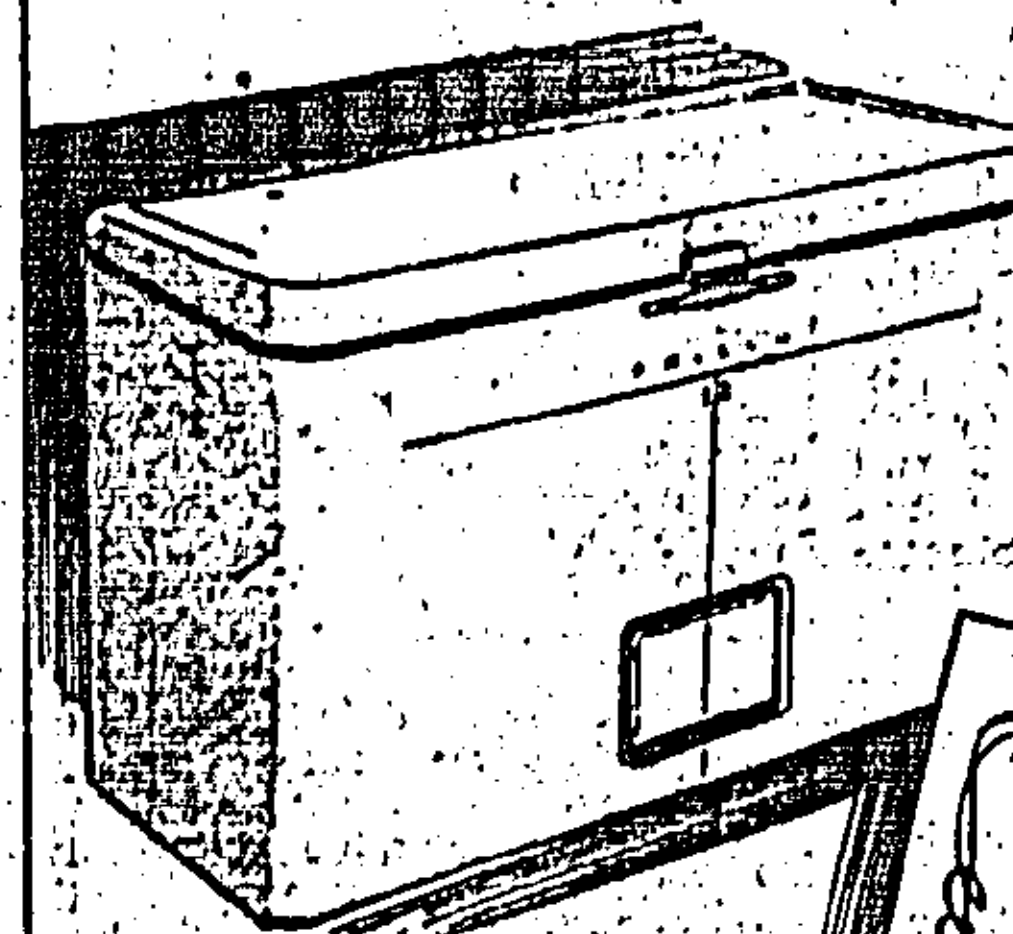
**Lane Crawford's**  
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GRADUATES of the Faculty of Engineering of Hongkong University, who received their degrees at the recent Congregation, held a graduation dinner last Saturday. The picture above commemorates the occasion. (Ming Yuen)

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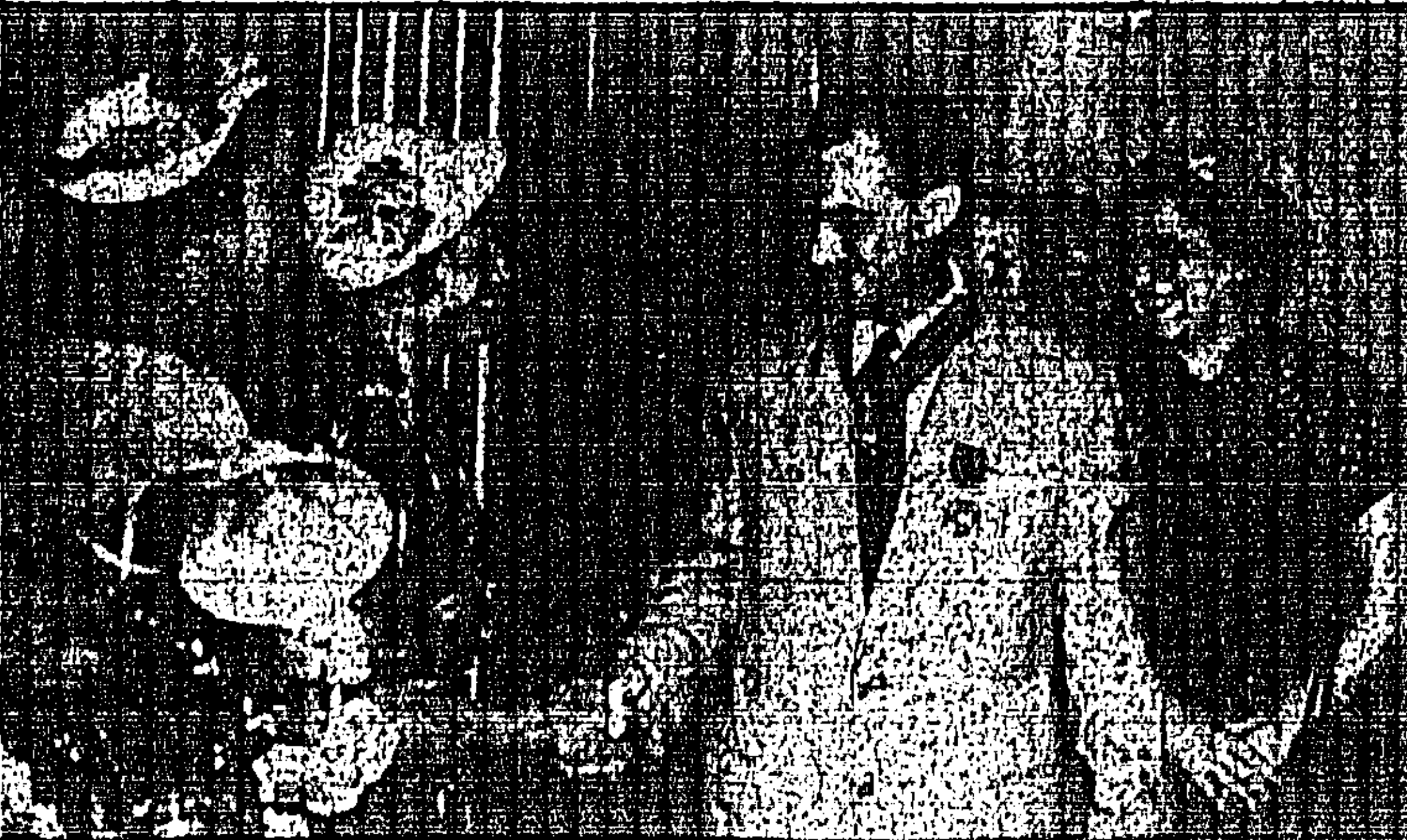
CANADIAN residents attended in force the service of remembrance, dedicated to their fellow nationals who fell in the defence of the Colony, held on Dominion Day at the Saiwan Military Cemetery. In the evening, the Canadian Trade Commissioner, Mr. T. R. G. Fletcher, was host at a large cocktail party at the Hongkong Club. Right: Honouring a toast at the reception are His Excellency the Officer Administering the Government and Mrs. Black and (extreme right) Mr. Fletcher. (Staff Photographer)



PICTURE taken at the dinner given at the Tai Tung Restaurant on Tuesday by the staff of the Holland-China Trading Co., Ltd. in honour of their General Manager, Mr. R. O. Huislingh, who on that day celebrated his silver jubilee with the organization. Mr. Huislingh is seated fourth from right. (Ming Yuen)

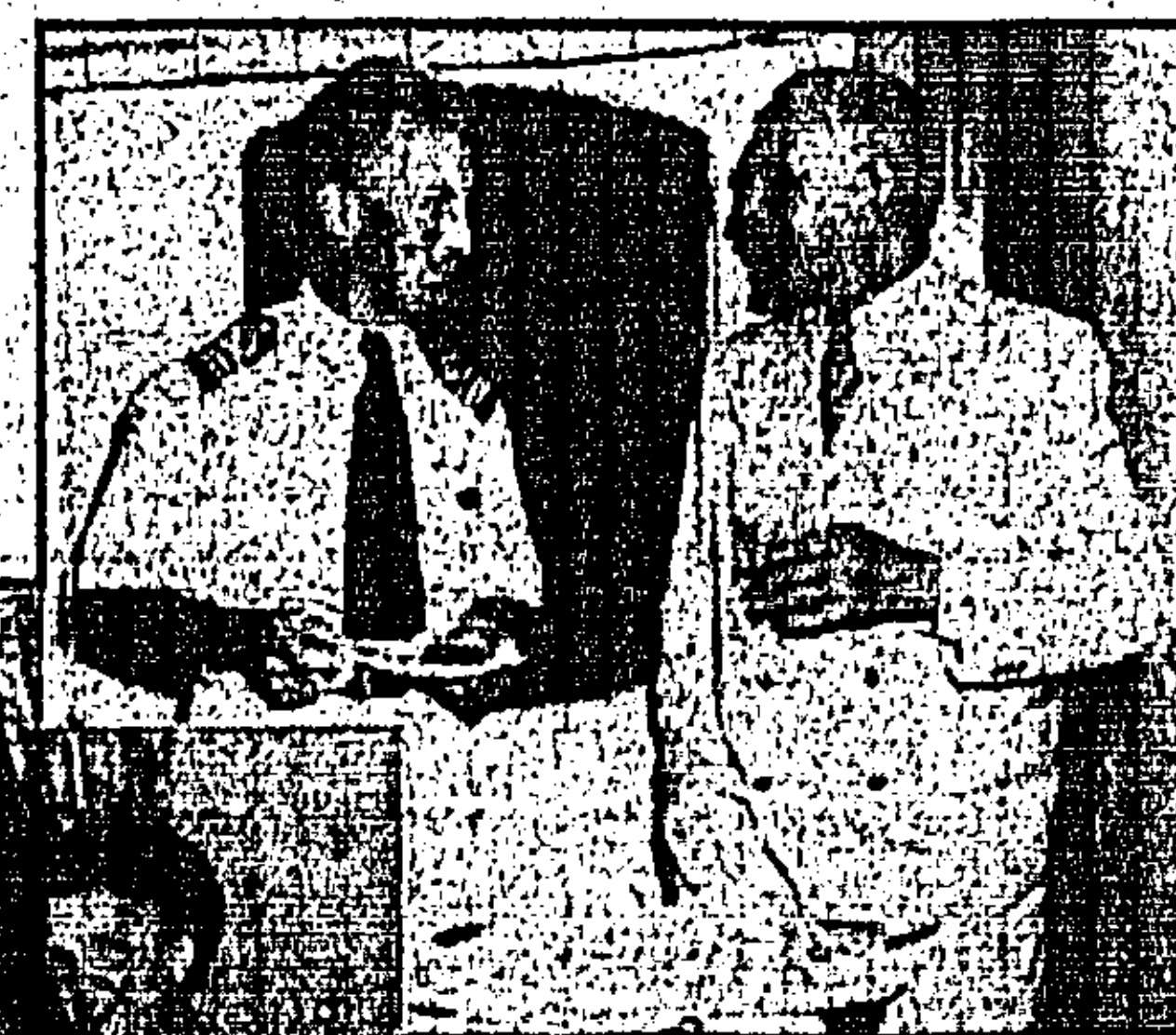


DAVID, son of Mr and Mrs C. E. Morton, celebrated his fifth birthday recently by giving a party to his young friends. (Mae Cheung)



AT the Canadian Club's Dominion Day dance held at the Peninsula Hotel. In top picture are seen (from left), Mr. G. H. Oliver, President of the Club, Mrs. Oliver and Mr. and Mrs. H. T. Peters. Dr. R. W. Hollway is seen with friends in lower photo. (Staff Photographer)

PORTUGAL'S Overseas Minister, Commander Manuel Maria Sarmiento Rodrigues, greeting Sir Robert Ho Tung at the reception given by the Portuguese community at the Club Lusitano on Tuesday. Mr. A. de O. Salos, whom the Minister decorated with the insignia of an Officer of the Colonial Empire, is seen on the right being congratulated by his friends. Left: The Hon. Sir Arthur Morie conversing at the reception with Mr P. M. N. da Silva. (Staff Photographer)



A cocktail party was held aboard the Swedish East-Asia Lines' new motor ship, Burma, when she arrived last week. Mr. J. Moodie is seen above with the Chief Officer, Mr. Nord. Another group snapped at the party is seen on the left. They are, (from right) Mrs. L. Goldman, Miss Hunt, Mr. L. Goldman, Mr. C. R. W. Thomson and Mrs. Bell. (Staff Photographer)



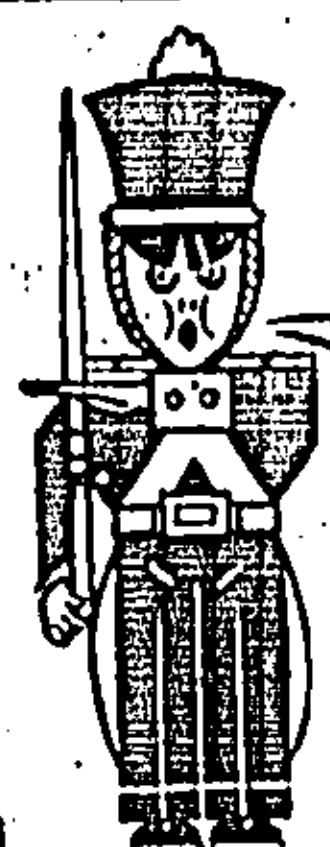
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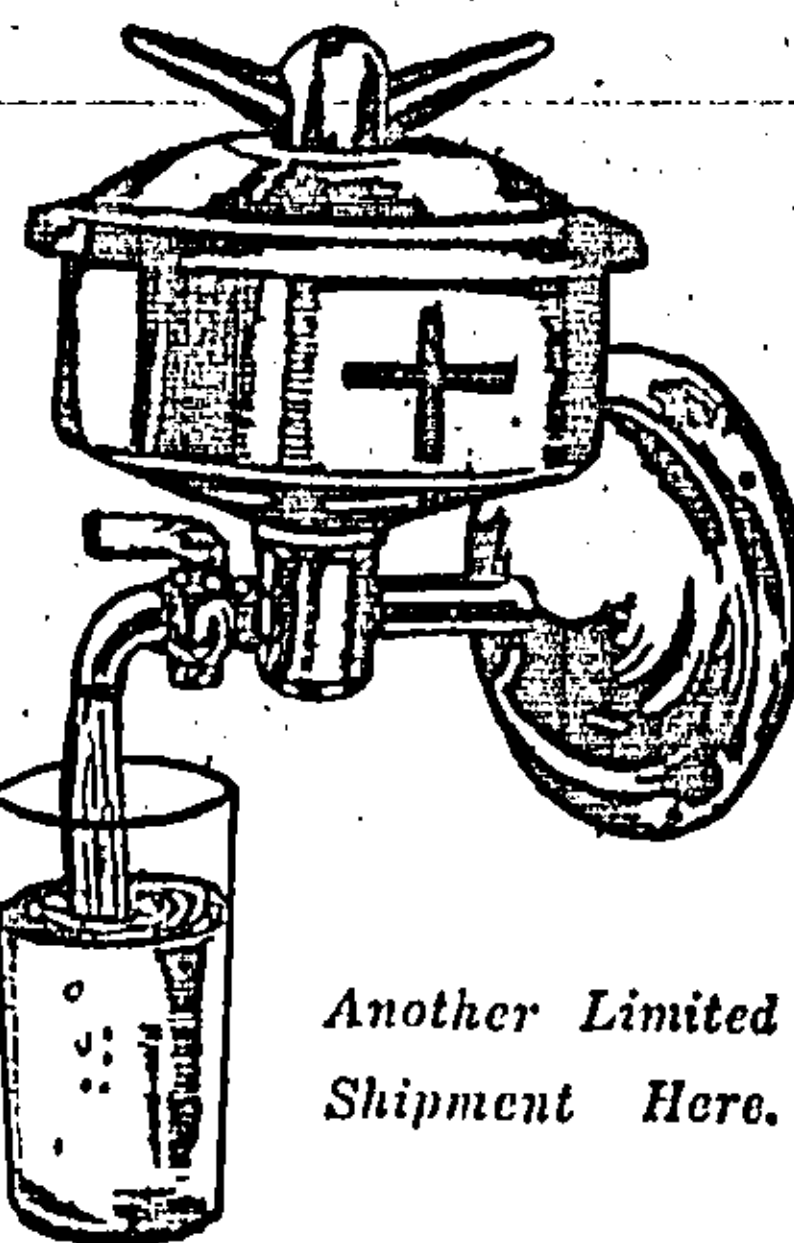
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## It Remains A Mystery

—about correct diet

London.

★ Tests recently completed  
in a London laboratory  
may revolutionise ideas  
about diet and correct  
feeding.

For the first time experiments  
hitherto carried out only on  
animals have been tried on  
human beings.

They indicate: Millions of  
supposedly "well-fed" people  
especially children—are lacking a  
"mystery factor" in their food  
without which they cannot  
develop to the full.

Supposedly fully developed  
children, when provided with  
the "mystery factor", almost  
immediately develop even more.  
At first scientists carried out  
tests on animals.

They proved that in a large  
number of cases a "vitamin  
diet" thought to contain all in-  
gredients essential to health and  
growth was in fact seriously  
deficient in some unknown  
quality.

Then they set about trying to  
find out what substances con-  
tained this ingredient.

They found some—though  
they still could not isolate the  
ingredient itself.  
But they did discover that  
when rats or guinea pigs were  
fed on this substance they showed  
immediate benefits.

They grew bigger and better  
in every physical respect.

Applied to human beings

The next step was to find out  
whether this ingredient could  
be applied to human beings.

In powdered form extracts  
from the substances known to  
contain it were introduced in a  
harmless form into the diet of a  
number of London children.

Other children, of the same  
age, living under the same con-  
ditions were compared with  
them.

The results surprised the  
scientists themselves. It was  
found that the children, like the  
animals, immediately benefited  
in a manner that was almost  
spectacular.

All-round development in-  
creased at a rate which put the  
"tested" children far ahead of  
their "untested" contemporaries  
in a few months.

There was nothing essentially  
unusual about this growth. It  
was simply that the children  
were now growing to the true  
limit of their capacities.

It was as though a car sup-  
posed capable only of a certain  
limit of performance had been  
provided with a new fuel which  
showed that its true limit was  
much higher.

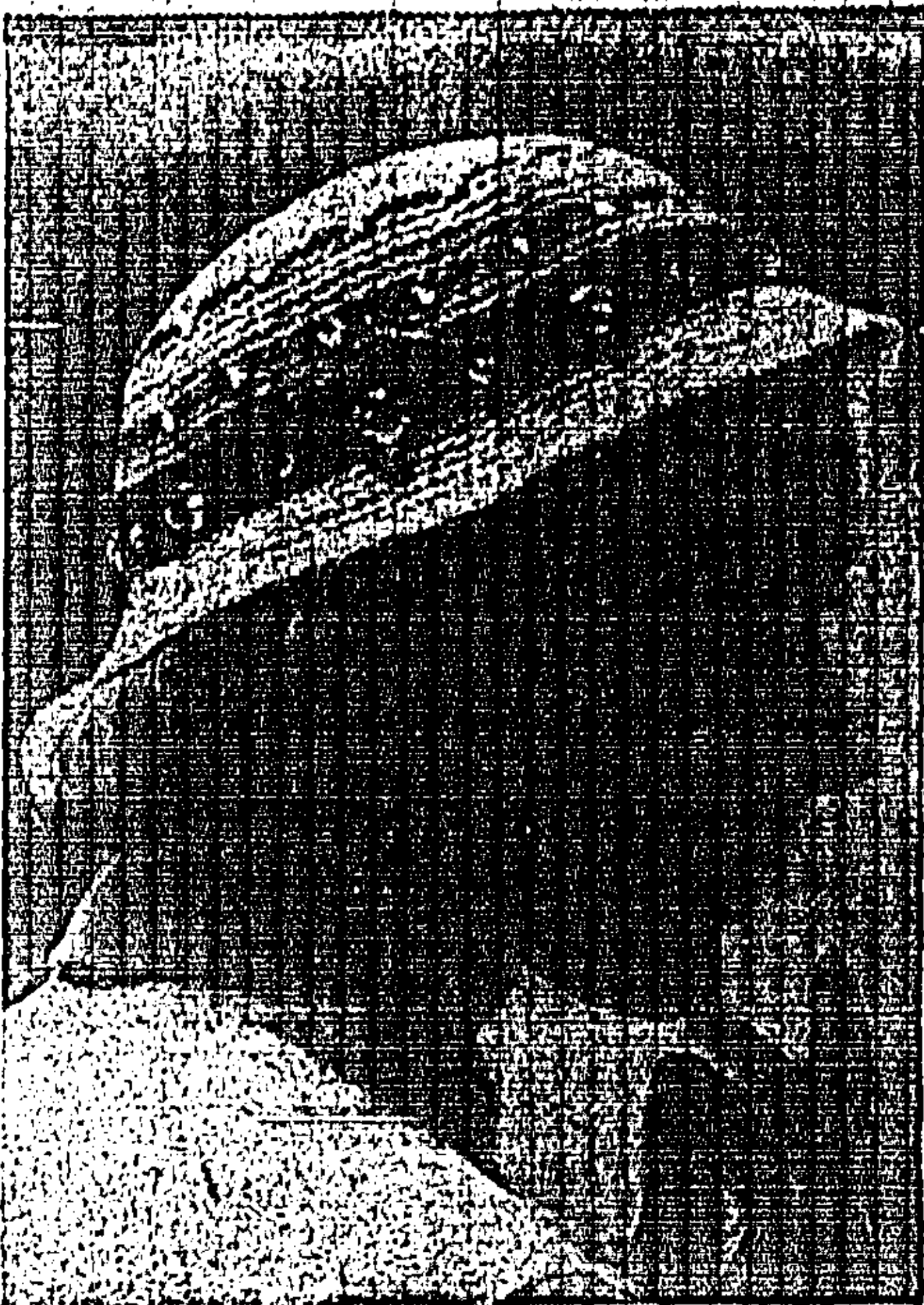
Just what it is remains a my-  
stery.

## Household Hints

To remove ink from a hard-  
wood floor, remove the wax and  
apply equal parts of vinegar  
and linseed oil, or a com-  
mercial ink eradicant.

Brass articles will not tarnish  
if they are covered with a thin  
coat of clear varnish. The  
varnish will form a lacquer  
which will not wear off unless  
the article is handled frequent-  
ly.

How quickly can you make a  
bed? You waste energy if you  
pull all the bedding off, pile it  
on a chair and then put on one  
sheet, walk all around the bed,  
tucking it, then follow through  
to the bedspread with the same  
procedure for each article.  
Stand on one side of the bed to  
straighten and tuck in sheets,  
blankets and bedspread as you  
put them on the bed, then move  
to the other side and complete  
the process. Try it.



## Needlecraft Corner

### Crocheted Hat

MAKE light of summer heat with a  
crocheted hat which combines two  
yarns with the sturdiness of straw yet  
amazingly pliable—and pretty!

### ABBREVIATIONS

st(s).....stitch(es) sl st.....slip stitch  
inc.....increase ch.....chain  
beg.....beginning sc.....single crochet  
.....this symbol indicates that the direc-  
tions immediately following are to be  
repeated a given number of times in  
addition to the original.

MATERIALS: One yarn (144 yd. tubes)  
—2 White (MC). Another yarn (144 yd.  
tubes)—1 Navy (CC). Rhinestones, 1 bone  
crochet hook No. 3 D. ¼ yard 1 inch grosgrain  
ribbon.

GAUGE: 6 sc — 1 inch. 5 rounds — 1  
inch.

NOTE: In order to avoid definite lines  
where increases are made, be sure that  
increases on each round do not come direct-  
ly above increases of previous round.

CROWN: Using MC, ch 4, join with a sl  
st to form ring. ROUND 1: Ch 1, work 8

sc in ring. Put a marker in work to mark  
begin of a round. ROUND 2: \* Work 2 sc  
in next st, 1 sc in next st, repeat from \* to  
end of round. ROUND 3: Repeat Round 2.  
ROUND 4: \* Work 1 sc in each of next 2  
sts, 2 sc in next st, repeat from \* to end of  
round. ROUND 5: \* Work 2 sc in next st,  
1 sc in each of next 3 sts, repeat from \* to  
end of round. ROUND 6: \* Work 1 sc in  
each of next 5 sts, 2 sc in next st, repeat  
from \* to end of round. ROUNDS 7  
THROUGH 19: Work in sc, inc 5 sts at  
even intervals in each round. ROUNDS 20  
AND 21: Using MC, work even in sc. ROUNDS 22  
THROUGH 23: \* Work 1 sc in each of the  
next 14 sts, 2 sc in next st, repeat from \* to  
end of round. ROUNDS 24, 25 AND 26:  
Repeat Round 21. ROUNDS 27: Repeat  
Round 20. ROUNDS 28 THROUGH 30:  
Repeat Round 21. ROUNDS 31 THROUGH  
36: Repeat Round 20.

BRIM: ROUND 1: Using MC, \* work 1 sc in  
each of next 11 sts, 2 sc in next st, repeat from  
\* to end of round. ROUND 2: \* Work 2 sc in  
next st, 1 sc in each of next 12 sc, repeat from  
\* to end of round. ROUND 3: \* Work 1 sc in  
each of next 13 sts, 2 sc in next st, repeat from  
\* to end of round. ROUND 4: \* Work 2 sc in  
next st, 1 sc in each of next 14 sts, repeat from  
\* to end of round. ROUNDS 5 AND 6: Work even  
in sc. Finish off.

FINISHING: Sew ribbon, cut to desired head  
size, inside hat. Trim hat with rhinestones as  
shown in photograph, if desired.

## Stitching Fine

If you have trouble sewing a straight seam  
on a machine and your chalk marks disappear  
before you are ready to stitch, try a little cel-  
lophane tape at intervals (carefully measuring  
seam allowance). Use the edges as a guide to  
straight and narrow stitching. Keep gathers and  
pleats in place with pieces of tape at intervals  
(after pleats are pressed down). This will per-  
mit stitching with fewer pins and less chance of  
slipping.

Matching plaids or stripes isn't too easy for  
the beginner. When one pins these patterns,  
they sometimes slip in the sewing, resulting in  
an unevenly matched seam. Try matching them  
up on the face of the fabric, then tape instead  
of pinning. When ready to stitch or baste, crease  
the cellophane tape along the matching line, pin  
up or baste your seam allowance, and stitch.

Appliques or pockets won't pucker when  
they're taped in place for sewing with cel-  
lophane tape. Make length of sleeve with cel-  
lophane tape, then pull off the tape after stitching.  
No lost measurements because a pin slipped out!

conducted a one-woman inquiry  
around town to discover why  
we can so easily be made to look like amateurs at dressing up to go out...

## Even another girl turns her head

AT THESE AMERICAN  
VISITORS IN LONDON



YOU can spot them any-  
where—slick and crisp,  
with their hair shining,  
their faces smoothly groom-  
ed, their touches of white  
so white. They are the  
American girls in England  
for the summer.

THEY are the girls who  
turn people's heads.  
THEY are the girls who  
make the British girls look as  
if they were held together  
with safety pins.

How do they do it? Do they  
dedicate their lives to all that  
cries "whiffery"? Do they spend  
masses more on upkeep? Do  
they live at the hairdressers  
and the beauty parlours?

The answer is NO all along  
the line.

The Anne Edwards investiga-  
tion—into why American girls  
make us look amateurs at dress-  
ing—continued on two

who are in England  
Jack Benny's  
daughter Jean, and  
model girl Jill  
Melford.

Both gave an almost word-  
for-word answer... which  
amounted to this:—

BOTH admit to having  
three times as many clothes  
as their average English or  
posie number. (Jill thought  
nothing of having six different  
skirts and eight different shirts,  
and six ballet-length evening  
dresses).

But that is NOT the whole  
answer.

### THEY SAY—

BOTH said they washed  
their own hair. BOTH make up  
from scratch three times a day.  
Neither has ever had a profes-  
sional manicure—they. BOTH  
do it themselves in "any spare  
moment—when I'm waiting for  
a phone call."

BOTH are tremendously in-  
terested in clothes and date  
their interest from the time  
they were 13. BOTH give a lot  
of credit to the plectated nylon  
that is rinsed through and  
hung up without pressing.

BOTH say they wash and  
press their own things, but at  
"terrible speed." "We seem to  
do it in two at any moment."

### HEAD TURNER No. 2

JOAN—Jack Benny's daugh-  
ter—in a nylon dress of grey  
and black, worn with a stiff-  
faced petticoat.

## Now why?

do so much more in the time  
in the States," said Jill.

BOTH carried two pairs of  
white gloves, and had heaps  
more at home.

But the prime reason is that  
sloppy dressing in America is  
one of those things that isn't  
done. "We just wouldn't go  
out with unwashed hair," said  
Jill, in the tone an English  
girl might use about the kind  
of man who is beastly to  
animals.

### THE ARTIST

★ AMID all the gloomy  
words from critics about  
the new production of "Mac-  
beth" there is a thread of  
gold—the phrases about  
Miss Margaret Leighton.

For there is something about  
Miss Leighton which catches  
the critic's eye and warms his  
heart. And it is not entirely  
her acting...

"SHE is extremely fine," said  
a critic of her Lady  
Macbeth "looking as if her  
long, frail body would snap in  
two at any moment."

"NEVER has Miss Leighton  
looked so lovely or spoken  
with such a crystal quality.  
Here is a role that can only  
be said a critic of her performance  
in 'The Three Sisters'."

"GASPED at the delicate  
strangeness of Margaret Leigh-  
ton as Ariel, slim, wearing only  
leaves and a grape for two" —  
(in "The Temper")

"MISS Margaret Leighton has  
so odd a part—that of a police-  
woman in plain clothes — that  
her talent can hardly be  
expected." (in "Celling Bill")  
Don't be misled!

## FISH FILLETS, NOODLE CHARLOTTE

Order 1 lb. fresh or quick-  
frozen fish fillets, any kind, mix  
together. 1 tsp. salt, ½ tsp.  
monosodium glutamate, ¼ tsp.  
pepper, 2 tbsp. enriched flour  
and 1 tsp. minced parsley.  
Cook until tender, about 10 min.  
Place in an oiled flat baking dish.  
Heat 1 pt. milk in a double-  
boiler. Add ¼ lb. high-protein  
noodles broken into small pieces.  
Cook until tender, about 10 min.  
Drain, beat 2 eggs  
with ¼ c. granu-  
lated flat baking dish. Pour in 1 pt. hot  
milk and 1 c. hot water. Do not  
boil. Add 1 tsp. salt, ½ tsp. cinnam-  
on, and 1 c. hot butter or margarine.  
Bake in a moderate oven, 350°-375° F., until the fish  
flakes, about 25 min.

Heat 1 pt. milk in a double-  
boiler. Add ¼ lb. high-protein  
noodles broken into small pieces.  
Cook until tender, about 10 min.  
Drain, beat 2 eggs  
with ¼ c. granu-  
lated flat baking dish. Pour in 1 pt. hot  
milk and 1 c. hot water. Do not  
boil. Add 1 tsp. salt, ½ tsp. cinnam-  
on, and 1 c. hot butter or margarine.  
Bake in a moderate oven, 350°-375° F., until the fish  
flakes, about 25 min.

Mixtures: This is very good  
to use with cooked cabbage,  
broccoli, turnips or beets.  
Melt 2 tbsp. butter or mar-  
garine; add 2 tbsp. table mustard  
and ½ tsp. lemon juice.

*Finest in*  
**FLAVOUR**

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**DAIRY FARM**

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BIG AMERICAN SWINDLE

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## THE BRAINS OF THE SOCIALIST PARTY BRING SOCIALISM UP TO DATE WITH A NEW WAR-CRY

## ALL POWER TO THE PROFESSORS

by Robert BLAKE

THE intellectuals of the Socialist Party have produced a manifesto. With a slightly hesitant blessing from Mr Attlee and a contribution from Mr Strachey, New Fabian Essays may be regarded as a semi-official attempt to restate the objectives of Socialism.

As such it deserves attention from readers of all parties. For, despite the understandable dislike felt by most Socialists for their own intellectualism, the theories of the intellectuals today are all too

apt to be the practice of the party tomorrow. What, then, is the message of the New Fabians?

It must be admitted that the answer is by no means clear. The authors are excellent at describing the policy of the party and the objectives of Socialism, but they are not so good when it comes to proposing an intelligible alternative. There is much that is obscure and self-contradictory in their recommendations.

The most interesting essay is the first—by Mr R. H. S. Crossman. It contains an admirable exposure of the dangers implicit in the policies of the late Government, the threat of a "managerial society"—i.e. a society in which economic and political power is concentrated in the hands of an omnipotent bureaucracy acting ostensibly on behalf of "the people," in reality exploiting and tyrannising over them in its own interest.

This, of course, is what happened in the Soviet Union, and Mr Crossman rightly repudiates the idea that Russia is in any sense a "workers' state."

Mr Crossman is excellent, too, on the nature of Communism in Asia and Africa. He points out that its real impetus does not come from the economic demand of the masses for more food or tractors.

It proceeds rather from a small intellectual "elite," a middle-class group of minor civil servants and university professors demanding political power for themselves to the exclusion both of the masses, and of the old ruling class, whether the latter consist of white administrators or native dynasties.

It is most important to recognise that in these countries the basis of Communism is nationalist and political, not as the Marxists maintain, purely economic.

But Mr Crossman's deductions from this analysis are less convincing. He seems to favour a total surrender to these intellectual elites. To parody a famous Soviet slogan—All Power to the Professors.

But surely this, however agreeable to a New Fabian, is a perilous solution.

Mr Crossman, with many Socialists, believes that the British policy of surrender in India alone saved the Indian nationalists from becoming Stalinist.

Even if this is true, it does not follow that a similar policy in China, Indo-China and Persia would have a similar result.

After all, the middle class elites in countries like India or Indonesia were Westernised, and had

not been Communist indoctrinated before they gained power. But this is not true of the Tudeh Party in Persia, or the Chinese Communists.

To expect that surrender will necessarily mean that the victorious Communist parties will quarrel with Stalin is an act of faith.

It may be true that in the long run Mao Tse-tung will imitate Tito and revolt against the Kremlin. But, as the late Lord Keynes observed, in the long run we are all dead, and there is not the smallest evidence at present that any such development will occur.

The most interesting of the essays on home affairs is by Mr C. A. R. Crossland, M.P. He is largely concerned in pointing out how wrong Karl Marx has been by his predictions about the future course of capitalism.

Since so many Socialists still see everything with Marxist blinkers this is a useful task. It is of less value to non-Socialists who see no particular reason why that portentous old prophet should invariably be right.

Mr Crossland comes to the conclusion—and in this he is followed by most of the other writers—that a new form of society neither capitalist nor Socialist has now been established in England. It is characterised by full employment, extensive social services, and a partial transfer of economic power from property owners to managers and executives.

But to the New Fabians this is not enough. What Mr Crossland calls "Statism" must be replaced by Socialism with greater equality, a drastic capital levy, heavier death duties, and more nationalisation.

It does not seem at first sight a programme well calculated to win votes. And here lies a real dilemma for the Socialists. By 1950 they had passed most of their original programme into law.

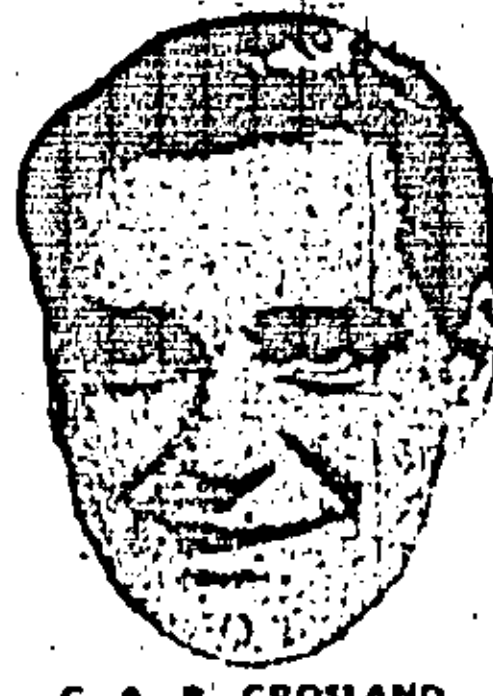
The danger for them now is that they may like the Liberals after 1914 be destroyed by their own success, unless they can think of a fresh programme and new slogans.

New Fabian Essays remains, despite some penetrating analysis, a sorry commentary upon the intellectualism of the Socialist Party.

It contains no answer to—and indeed scarcely discusses—the real problems of our day, the balance of payments, the danger of inflation, the question of disarmament.

Its ideas contain little beyond a reiterated and somewhat vindictive plea for equality.

If the brains of the Socialist Party can do no better than this it is high time that the party files its petition in intellectual bankruptcy.



C. A. R. Crossland

## THE CASE BOOK OF DR FIRTH

## THE MYSTERY OF THE SAWN-OFF SHOT-GUN

By KEN COMPSTON

WHEN an eighteen-year-old Wrexham youth toiled away with a hacksaw cutting off the end of his sporting gun barrel he little thought that he was providing the evidence which would prove him a murderer.

John Lionel Raymond Russell, to give him his full name, had long liked to be regarded among his friends as something of a "tough egg." Unknown to him his strange form of vanity had spread beyond the small circle of youths with whom he spent his time in the old market town.

Even detectives in Denbighshire, Wales, had heard reports of the somewhat strange activities of the youth who occasionally took little trips into the countryside on his low-powered motor-cycle.

Then on March the 2nd of last year Mrs. Delys Myfanwy Scott, a good-looking 30-year-old brunette, was found murdered a few miles from Wrexham. The only clue to the crime was a report that shortly after a two-stroke motor-cycle had been heard in the district.

The thoughts of one of the C.I.D. officers wandered to the youth in Wrexham and, as colleagues phoned for Dr Firth, he aroused young Russell from his sleep.

It was not easy for Detective-Inspector A. L. Allen, Dr Firth's ballistics expert, to find his way to the lonely Cuckoo small holding where Mrs. Scott lay dead from a gunshot wound in the back.

## TINY MARK

Though he had been called in many times to establish whether rifle or revolver bullets had been fired from a certain weapon, Inspector Allen pondered frequently on that 50-odd mile drive from Preston, England, to Wales when he found the fatal shot from a 12-bore sporting gun would tell him anything.

He never doubted that the type of wound would establish the distance from which the fatal shot was fired into Mrs. Scott's back as she turned in the doorway of her home.

But when, at Wrexham police station, he was shown a sawn-off shot-gun, Inspector Allen's expert eye suddenly spotted a tiny mark that might enable him to prove that from the gun had been fired the shot which killed Mrs. Scott.

It was a slender chance, even for the experts at the forensic laboratory, but when he saw the pellets recovered from the body he no longer doubted that the gun and the shot would provide vital evidence against young Russell, now charged with murder.

Mrs. Scott and her husband depended for their livelihood on the products of the smallholding where they lived with her

Markings on shot from a sporting gun had produced little evidence in murder cases until Detective-Inspector A. L. Allen, one of Dr Firth's senior assistants, was called in to help in investigations at Wrexham, Wales.

In the case of young John Russell, Inspector Allen proved beyond all doubt that markings on lead shot found in the victim's body could only have been caused through being fired through a sawn-off shot-gun found in the accused man's possession.

That sawn shot-gun made crime history. It was the first time in Britain that a ballistics expert had been able to give such conclusive evidence with lead shot.

This is the third article of the series.

mother-in-law and brother-in-law. And March had been a busy time for them in the fields. There had been seeds to sow and ground to till.

Occasionally, as he worked in the fields more than two hundred yards from his farm neighbour, Mr Scott might have heard the rustled report of a sporting gun being fired.

Even if he had, why should it arouse his attention? After all, there were rabbits galore in the district and men with guns. Yet, he was attracted by the shot he heard and by the distinctive noise of a motor-cycle being ridden away. That was much more unusual in a lonely district such as Marchwell, with its few scattered houses and isolated farms.

When he found his wife, she was lying face-down just inside the kitchen doorway, a frightful wound in her back.

## TEN PELLETS

In the back of his sports car as he drove back to Preston that night, Inspector Allen had, among other things, a sawn-off shot-gun, ten pellets recovered from Mrs. Scott's body, several cartridges found at Russell's home and an empty cartridge case.

A quick glance at the pellets at Wrexham had shown Mr Allen that they were peculiar, but much more detailed examination in the laboratory impressed him that they were definitely unusual.

Here was a normal 12-bore cartridge case that any farmer might use for rabbit shooting, but the lead pellets were so large that instead of the 200 or 300 one might expect to get in the case only 12 of these would fit.

"It's the first time I've ever seen such big shot as this," he told a colleague.

Careful inquiry disclosed that they were of special type, perhaps used for duck shooting, but no longer easily available.

Even more strange than the pellets themselves were the markings on several of those recovered from the body. They appeared to have been cut off smoothly on one side. In a flash Inspector Allen realised that the slender clue he had seen on the gun at Wrexham had become an established fact.

In cutting off the barrel Russell had created on the under side of the upper part of the barrel several tiny "barrel marks," as any gunsmith might have done in cutting a piece of common metal.

As he fired the fatal shot, the uppermost pellets in the case had been cut by the sharp protruding edges of the barrel. Sure as he was of the facts, that was not sufficient. To prove to the satisfaction of a British court that this was the weapon, Inspector Allen had more experiments to make.

Reaching for one of the unused cartridges, the gun under his arm, Inspector Allen slipped into the ballistics room in the basement of the lab.

A few minutes later typists and chemists working on the ground floor heard beneath their feet the muffled report of a shot. Into a case packed with cotton wool went 10 pellets.

Unpacking the wadding to recover the shots, Inspector Allen

appreciated more than anyone that six or seven shots, maybe more, would have to be fired before he could get markings identical with those the murderer had fired.

It was his lucky day. The very first shot enabled him to submit to Mr Justice Jones, at Ruthin Assizes in May, photographs that proved beyond doubt that only that gun could have fired the pellets found in Mrs. Scott's body.

By then, Inspector Allen had gone further. The gun itself was of such manufacture that it could not possibly have gone off accidentally. To prove that, he pointed to the automatic safety catch and added his own reports of the manner in which he had dropped and tested the gun at Preston.

Russell pleaded his innocence throughout the trial, blamed a friend for the crime, but, before being sentenced to death, made an amazing outburst in a speech-bound court, that four years before he had murdered another Welsh woman. The police rejected his claim.

Later Russell was reprieved by the Home Secretary.

It was the first time marks on shot-gun pellets had been used in a British court of justice to prove the guilt of a man charged with murder.

Next Saturday:  
The Knife's Edge Theory

## U.S.A. SWEEP BY SPACE CRAZE

By Rodney Campbell

THE U.N. Security Council was called into emergency midnight session after an interplanetary bomb blew up an Asian village.

On hand was an ultimatum from a space platform the delegates could dimly see. "Earth must give in," the writing read, "or face total destruction." It was signed by a mysterious Doctor Rad.

The Belgian delegate warred against appeasement, and the Chinese (who could have been Nationalist or Communist) seconded the motion. So voting to fight to the last, Earth voted to call in Chris Welkin, Planeteer.

Millions of American teenagers were left waiting to find out how Chris would destroy the platform before Doctor Rad fired more atom bombs on London, New York and Paris. So were their parents.

For Chris Welkin is one of half-a-dozen space comic strips that have become "must" reading in the American home. Others are Space Cadet, in which a dedicated band has pledged itself to uphold the constitution of the Solar Alliance, and Flash Gordon, who specializes in interplanetary romances with the most incredible women you have ever seen.

The Space Cadets are on TV every week. So is Captain Video and his Spade Rangers (a variant of the good old Texas Rangers theme). On radio, it is Space Patrol.

Top scientists like Will Ley and Werner von Braun, who invented the V-2, are usually available at a high fee to advise the strip artists and TV producers.

Well behind TV as usual, Hollywood is also making space pictures. One of America's latest interplanetary heroes, I was amazed to see, was Britain's Michael Rennie, who could never get a part like that at Denham in England.

Small wonder young America is going space-crazy (I beg your pardon, space-hep). Mother and father have to keep up, too, so they know what their children are talking about.

I was out for cocktails with a large family when a little creature popped out from behind an armchair. He was dressed in shining silver plastic helmet, and pressurized space suit, and he pointed a black pistol-like contraption at me. It was a disintegrator, terror of the universe. "You can't move," he leered, as the thing buzzed strangely. "I've frozen you."

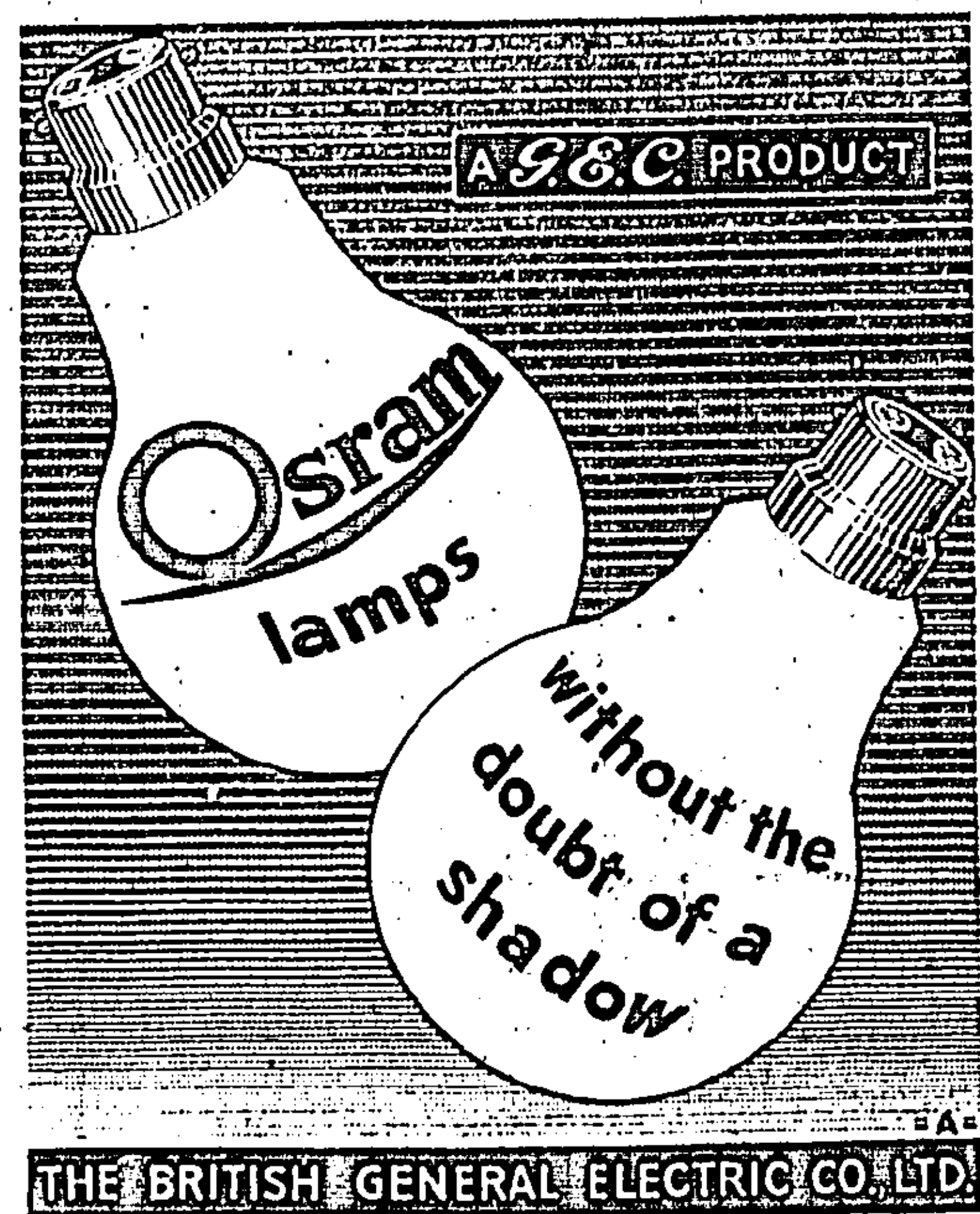
Luckily, my host was as learned as I am, and he told me that the little fellow was Campbell's double-faced "Fobbs," he said, "and bring him back to life." A double buzz—and in no time I was sipping an extremely dry martini, that unrivalled blessing of the Earth Way of Life.

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## SNAPSHOT GUILD

ENTERTAIN, don't bore your friends when you show them the holiday pictures you made this summer, particularly your exciting colour transparencies. Don't make them sit in the dark for a long time while you fuss and fumble with the projector and screen or look for your slides.

A minimum of planning avoids this. Experiment on the family, or set up the projector for a trial run when you are alone. Then you will know exactly where to place both screen and projector.

The next thing, and, as far as I am concerned, the most important, is that you organise your slides by subject matter and put them in a logical sequence. This depends on the nature of your pictures and how you want to show them. Then be sure to file them so that you can find the slides you want when you want them.

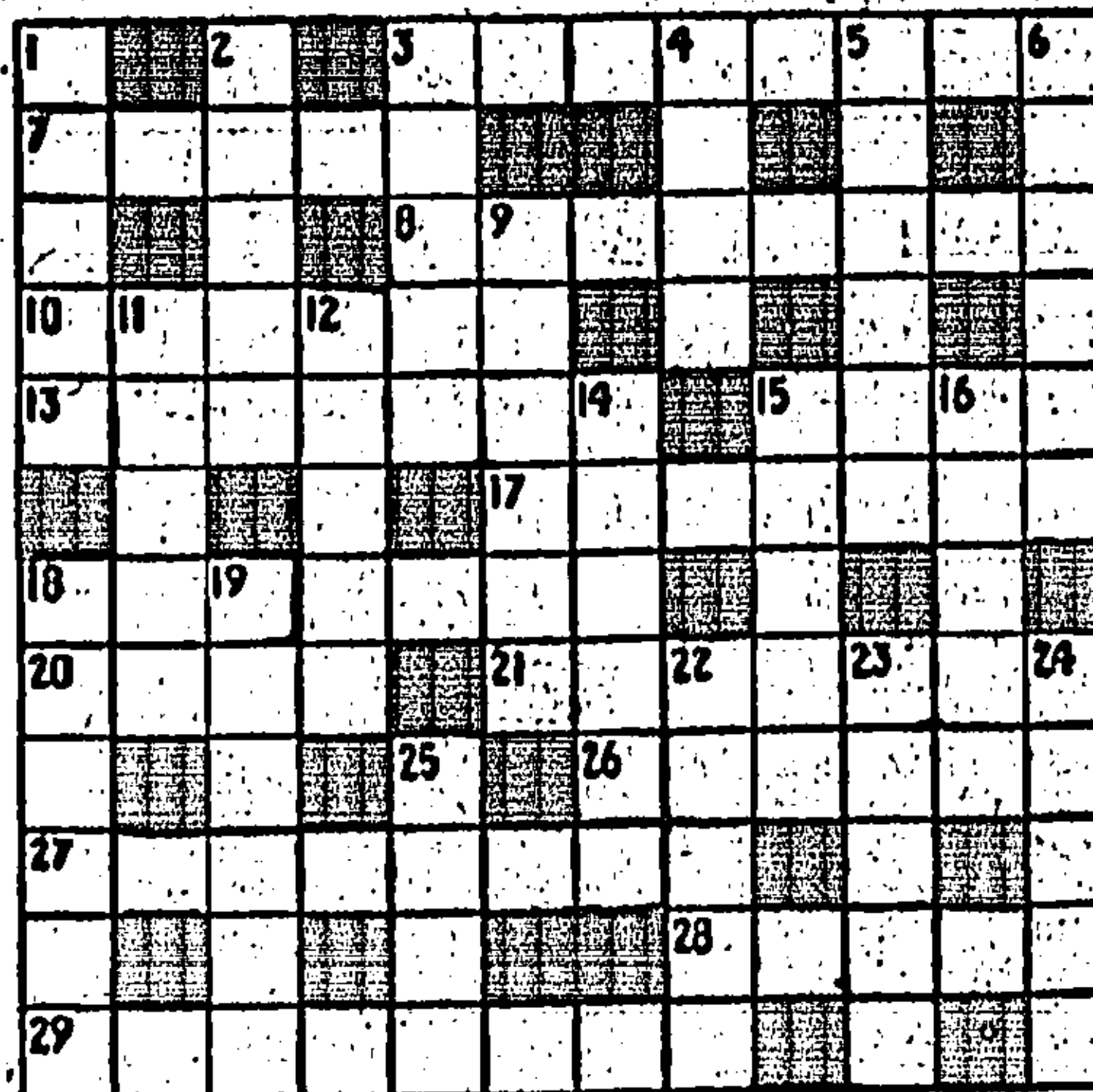
Photographic departments and camera shops have a wide variety of metal file boxes of the proper size.

As I indicated earlier, one of my pet peeves is having to sit in the dark while one of my friends exclaims, "I do want to show you the pictures we made of the old flower woman in Mexico City," and then fumbles through numerous little boxes of slides, finally selects one, and murmuring something about the vividness of the reds and greens, proudly slips into the projector a very ordinary shot of the family at the beach two summers ago.

Perhaps I have been guilty of a little exaggeration, but do be a good showman.

—John van Guilder

## A British Crossword Puzzle



### ACROSS

- 1 Atom (8).
- 2 Slow, musically (6).
- 3 Glistered (8).
- 4 Reply (6).
- 5 Fell back (7).
- 6 Position (4).
- 7 Snaddles (7).
- 8 Withdrew from (7).
- 9 Herring measure (4).
- 10 Cattle thief (7).
- 11 Rationed food (6).
- 12 Servant (8).
- 13 Flashed (6).
- 14 Moved quickly (8).

### DOWN

- 1 Lucid (5).
- 2 Have confidence in (6).
- 3 Awkward question (5).
- 4 Sharp-tasting (4).
- 5 Dog (6).
- 6 Circulates (6).
- 7 Like above others (6).
- 8 Fresher (5).
- 9 Make broader (5).
- 10 Infer (6).
- 11 Express (6).
- 12 Essays (5).
- 13 Wins points in a game (6).
- 14 Pace of a horse (6).
- 15 Piece torn off (5).
- 16 Goes ahead (5).
- 17 Prepared (5).
- 18 Tale (4).

**YESTERDAY'S CROSSWORD:** Across: 1 Pathos, 5 Study, 8 Debar, 9 Eleven, 10 Valet, 11 Salad, 12 Type, 13 Gears, 14 Modest, 15 Snare, 16 Eases, 17 Liar, 18 Apple, 19 Vista, 20 Robust, 21 Egged, 22 Metre, 23 Delers. Down: 1 Prestige, 2 Trespass, 3 Odes, 4 Senator, 5 Savages, 6 Trades, 7 Drear, 14 Attitude, 15 Secrecies, 16 Message, 17 Desired, 19 Neater, 21 Alike, 24 Code.

## El Greco Angel Hits Out

LIGHT ON A DARK HORSE. By Roy Campbell, Hollis and Carter, 18s. 948 pages.

AMONG other qualities (he is one of the best of living satirists), Royston Dunachie Campbell has the intellectual's innocent longing to be admired for physique, courage etc.

"I know how to fight Negroes, not having acquired the European complex of inferiority."

"In the London art world, Jacob Kramer, Chite Guevara, and myself were the three best fighters by a long way."

Also the special passion of British intellectuals for being loved by foreigners:

"I was the only Saxon, or foreigner, that was ever persona grata with the (Welsh) islanders." Toledo "accepted us Toledanos as she had accepted no other foreigners."

In the intervals of doubling his fists and admiring his biceps, Campbell claims other accomplishments.

### SWAHILI, TOO

He can address a barrack-square as a sergeant-major in English, Swahili or Chinyanja; confer in flowery Zulu or Shona; lecture in French or Castilian; instruct the Portuguese (via BBC) in street fighting; even more impressive, "I know how to eat my way for about three weeks at a time through France or any other country without begging or harming poultry."

As a boy in Durban, Natal, where he was born (1902) his favourite sport, described in this rollicking, uneven sometimes careless autobiography, was to kill octopuses by turning them inside out.

He is stronger in self-approval than in modesty, as was to be

expected from one of his race (Scotts) and name ("which has more VCs than any other"). His father was an overworked doctor, who, when he felt death coming, went to his favourite trout stream, instructing his native boy every time he swooned to pick him up and put the rod back in his hand. From him, Campbell takes the love of wild animals that has inspired some of his finest verse, as these on horses:

"With white tails smoking free,  
Long screaming manes, and  
arching necks, they show  
Their kinship to their sisters  
of the sea—  
And forward hurl their  
thunderbolts of snow."

To London after the 1914-18 war, Campbell brought his fists and his talents. He divided his time between Bohemian haunts like the Cafe Royal and the foibles of merchant vessels where he signed on as a seaman. He was known in Bohemia as "Zulu," and had his portrait painted by John—"like an angel by El Greco," as one critic alleged.

The El Greco angel also revealed a gift for pungent and memorable criticism of his fellow-writers. This for instance, "You praise the firm restraint with which they write—

I'm with you there, of course: They use the snaffle and the curb all right.

But where's the bloody horse?"

His wife not only agreed, but boasted of this rough introduction to literature to her friends, who were furious, "as their young men always gave in to them and they get no excitement or polarity."

All for excitement and "polarity" Campbell left Britain and Bloomsbury to earn his living as a fisherman in the Mediterranean, to wrestle with bulls in France (where the "Campbell throw" is still used) and fight them in Spain.

IN SPAIN

In Spain, he also fought for Franco against the Republicans, having by that time adopted Christianity (and the name "Ignatius") in a highly individual version (appropriate to his ancestry). Tinctured with a Nietzschean worship of strength and vitality it was, so to speak, Christianity with a touch of the sun.

Admiring the extent of mendacity in Spain, his political thought had also evolved: "The only possible idea of government is charity and generosity on the part of the strong and rich."

For his Spanish war activities he received the rebuke of Augustus John: "A member of the Axis, I believe," and the disavowal of everybody in Britain to the left of Eden and the right of Auden.

When it comes to exchanges of abuse, Campbell is no fanatical exponent of the Sermon on the Mount. Franco's non-combatant antagonists in Britain were dismissed as "chair-borne parasite-troopers of the Knife and Fork Brigade," who banqueted so regally for democracy in Spain.

In a better cause, Campbell served throughout the war, became a sergeant, was wounded, and discharged. It was a snarled retort to his estranged intellectual chums than the most virile of his poems. But it did not silence the critics.

POETRY PLUS

Indeed, after attacks on his postwar book, "Talking Branco," Campbell attended a poetry reading in the Ethical Church, Haywards (1949). "After the meeting," he is reported as saying, "I went up to (Stephen) Spender and socked him."

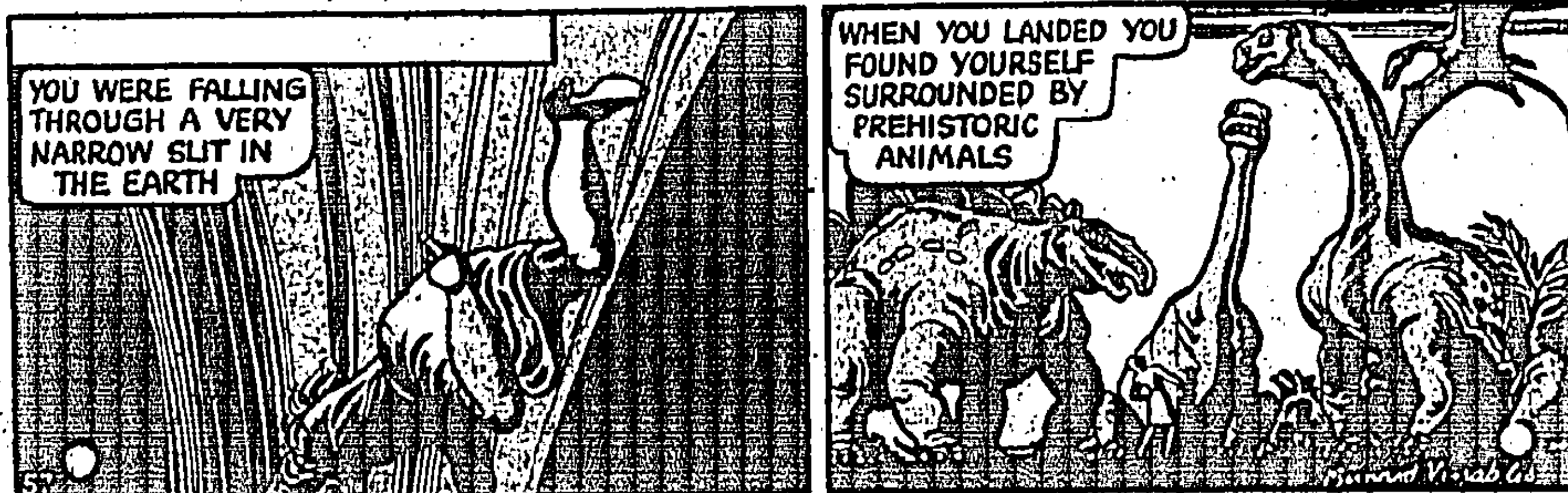
"At first," the newspaper adds, "it was thought there might be serious consequences to this affair."

It would be wrong to write Campbell down as a café bravo and philosopher. Ill-tempered and prejudiced (characteristic phrases: "Vidish and Calvinistic pedants like Freud, Havelock Ellis"), he has written the most vigorous satirical verse since Byron—and wasted much of it on unworthy targets. He has written vividly and feelingly about wild places, animals, people.

Now he trails his coat anew in the vivid and readable self-apologia of a man of talent and pangs. At the risk of being called a "wowser" (wowser, term in the Campbell vocabulary), I should say he is more interesting than his opinions.

## —THIS DREAM MEANS:

A dream is in a sense an attempt of the deepest sub-conscious part of your mind to tell you something to communicate its needs. Being the most primitive oldest part of your mind it uses the language of symbols and images: as does indeed poetry and art. The dreamer and the poet use the same language except that the poet is able to put it into words. In this dream you are falling into the underworld and are there surrounded by prehistoric animals. The underworld is your subconscious mind: the prehistoric animals are the age-old primitive instincts which dwell there. They surround you and you cannot escape them. You are now facing some profound emotional problem: it may be love or the demands of love. The dream does not reveal the problem, but whatever it is and whatever its solution, you will not be allowed to neglect your instinctive emotions. Sorry one cannot be more specific—but then the dream isn't either.



## VIGNETTES OF LIFE

It's Music To Their Ears

By KEMP STARRETT





# Jack Kramer Says There Is No Real Money In Amateur Tennis

By GEORGE WHITING

America's Jack Kramer, the world's greatest lawn tennis player since the war, tapped a brogue-shod toe on one of Wimbledon's immaculate lawns, slipped his lemonade, and admitted with just the right amount of diffidence that he was there to talk £30,000 worth of business with the winner of the Men's Singles—on the Centre Court, on Friday, July 4.

Always provided, said the hefty, pleasantly pugilistic Mr. Kramer that the said winner turns out to be Frank Sedgman or Ken McGregor of Australia, or Dick Savitt, the American holder, or Jaroslav Drobný, whom the crazy-quilt of post-war politics has turned from a Czech into an Egyptian.

It must on no account be taken for granted however, that this quarter, or any other of the gentlemen playing upon the lawns of the All-England Club, Wimbledon, are interested in turning their tennis talents into currency. For they are amateurs. It says so in the rules.

Kramer, who has earned £100,000 as a professional since he won the Men's Singles in 1947, permitted himself lip-service to the holier-than-thou conventions of amateurism before getting down to dollar talk.

"I am in Europe for three reasons," Kramer told me. "First and foremost, I wanted to see Wimbledon again and meet all those grand folk who make up the greatest tennis show in the world.

"Second, I am getting in shape for my European tour with Donald Budge, Pancho Segura and Richard Gonzales. We start in Paris this week, play right across the Continent all summer.

and finish up at Wembley in September.

## 'NO APPROACHES'

"Third, I am looking for a couple of boys who might be possible opponents in my American professional tour that follows the Davis Cup match between the United States and Australia next December. Here's hoping the Wimbledon winner will be around at the time.

"But please make it plain that I am making no definite approaches to any of these Wimbledon boys. I guess it would be in bad taste, and also most unfair, to burden a guy with the knowledge that a win means dollars and a defeat means good-bye.

I agreed that such an approach would indeed be rank bad form. Thereupon Kramer pushed a bronzed hand through the stubble of his crew-cut, offered me another cup of tea, and briskly changed gears from let's-all-be-gentlemen to let's-get-down-to-business.

## WHAT THEY EARN

"Any boy who joins my American tour next year can earn himself 30 per cent of gross receipts of up to £80,000 in five months," said Kramer. "With that as a kick-off, he can make a minimum of £30,000 in his first year as a professional. I got as much, and a whole sight more, in 1948.

"Of course, it depends on who the boy is, but the figures I have quoted relate to players the people back home want to see—guys like Sedgman, Savitt, Drobný and McGregor, in that order.

"Sedgman and his pal, McGregor, won the Men's Doubles at Wimbledon last year. Suppose they turned professional, you can figure how much folks in the USA would pay to see them as partners against two of our own top pros. Boy, that is

a match I'd like to be around for.

## AFTER 1953

"There's another thing," continued Kramer. "I am 31, and after my 1953 tour I aim to quit playing and concentrate on promoting. That means there will be room for some other guy to be No. 1. professional. If it turned out to be Sedgman there is no limit to what he could earn.

"I've no quarrel with the players who want to stay amateur and pick up business contacts on the way," admitted the Mr. Moneybags of lawn tennis. "But if these boys want to be really smart they'll do what I did and cash in on the one thing they can do well—play tennis.

"That's business. That's being smart. I took me five years to think it out—while I was in the Pacific with the U.S. Coastguards.

At this point I posed my 64-dollar questions. First, would Mr. Kramer be interested in doing business with any "unknown" who happened to win Wimbledon in the teeth of Messrs. Sedgman, Savitt, Drobný and McGregor?

"We... I, maybe not quite so interested. I guess folks would think the guy had had a little kick on the way. I doubt if they would contribute quite so much for a one-day wonder."

Next came the question that is likely to get you thrown neck and crop out of Wimbledon at anybody hears you ask it. Is it a fact that players do so well out of amateur tennis that it would hardly pay them to turn professional?

The answer came as pat as an overhead smash. "If amateurs make dough I can only say I never saw any of it when I was around the amateur circuits," said Kramer. "As a professional I've got me a bank balance and a nice new house above Beverly Hills, Los Angeles, for my wife, Gloria, and my three boys—David, John and Robert."

## TOP MONEY

"You can say that I have made £100,000 out of professional tennis—more than anybody since Bill Tilden and it took him 18 years. Tell me any amateur who can rustle up that kind of money."

I could not, for course. Nor could anybody else. But not every tennis player has a Kramer contract in the offing. For the not-quite-so-hot it must be tolerably pleasant to play a game whose rules permit amateurs to receive "travelling and reasonable hotel expenses" the whole year round.

Even some of those on the outer fringes of top-class can potter along in a moderate degree of comfort by the simple means, say, of collecting separate air-fares from each of three Continental tournaments, and then buying a round ticket for the trip. And there is always the odd commission on sports equipment, insurance, nylon underwear, and assorted sidelines.

## THE WEARY ROUND

What does it matter if the tempo of tournament tennis becomes slower and slower as the big stars and the little stars grow wearier and wearier gallivanting around the sun-spots in a hectic chase for "reasonable expenses"? After all, when they stop playing, they stop eating.

O little tawdry, you think? Of course it is. Give me Jack Kramer and his unashamed professionals. And his £100,000.

(London Express Service)

## A WIN FOR MOTTRAM



Britain's Tony Mottram, the Italian Davis Cup player, Gianni Cucchi, on the Centre Court at Wimbledon on the third day of the All-England Championships. — Central Press Photo.

## Denis Compton's Column

### The Lord's Hoodoo Ends For Hutton

Almost without exception, cricketers talk of their lucky and unlucky grounds. I imagine England's captain, Len Hutton, is glad he has broken his Lord's "hoodoo."

On his Lord's Test debut in 1937 he made 0 and 1 against New Zealand.

In the same season, in his first match for Players against Gentlemen, again at Lord's, he was struck on the wrist by Ken Farnes, forced to retire, and kept out of cricket for a time.

Next year, in the Middlesex-Yorkshire Lord's Battle, Len and Maurice Leyland each broke a finger. In the same fixture in 1939 Len was cracked on the nose in trying to catch a mighty hit from big Jim Smith and had to dash inside for first aid.

Add to these the nasty knock just above the knee from Alan Moss in the county game at Lord's immediately preceding the second Test with India, his loss of the Test, and the fact that of his 15 hundreds for England only two have been hit there, as against four at the Oval.

No wonder that, in the Test with India, Len carried a pair of nutmegs in his trousers pocket. Or were they protection against muscle trouble?

## COINCIDENCE

Another injury coincidence occurred in the Middlesex-Yorkshire game.

When Harry Elliott, former Derbyshire, and England wicket-keeper and now an umpire, saw Sid Brown caught by Brian Close in the gully after the ball had struck slip fieldsmen Harry Halliday on the head, he recalled his previous umpiring visit to Lord's in 1946.

That year Sid crashed a ball from Ellis Robinson against the head of Cyril Turner at short leg.

Fortunately, Cyril was wearing a cap which took most of the force, but the ball soared high and fell into the safe hands of Frank Smalles.

Strange that Harry Elliott umpired both times, because for the five years between he went off the umpiring list.

If anyone still believes that cricket is not a dangerous game, remember the hit from Cuan McCarthy, South Africa's fast bowler now at Cambridge, which sent Jim Langridge, the Sussex skipper, into hospital.

Frank Chester, one of the umpires, declared this to be the worst crack on the head he had seen for more than 20 years.

ONE-HAND SIKES. One of cricket's fascinations is that injured players so often manage to overcome their handicaps.

Those who have watched him regularly, for instance, tell me that Cyril Washbrook (211 not out against Somerset) has been batting better than ever. Yet, if a captain, Nigel Howard and colleague Winston

# THE MOST VICIOUS SHOT IN GOLF—HOW TO AVOID THE "SHANK"

By MAX FAULKNER

A slice, or a hook, or the occasional topped shot can be irritating. But a "shank," or "socket," can be devastating. I have seen it reduce scratch golfers to tears and turn normally placid players into something near nervous wrecks. I think, without any doubt at all, the socket is the most vicious fault in all golf.

It is that frightening shot which makes the ball sizzle away off the neck of the club at an angle of between 45 and 90 degrees to the line you intend. One shot like that is something of an unpleasant surprise. But when the bug bites, it usually makes you produce a whole series.

I remember seeing one man play six shanks in succession. At the end of the sixth he was further away from the hole than when he started at the tee and was in such a state of dithers that he was almost scared to take a shot at the ball.

That is where the viciousness comes in. It says your confidence. It makes you scared of the ball. You feel you are making a perfectly normal strike at the ball and yet, time after time, it starts this business of shooting out to the right off the pipe of the club.

## DIFFICULT TO DETECT

When it comes round to you—if it hasn't yet, it will one

day—the first thing to remember is not to panic. The fault is a simple one, simply cured. Unless you know it, its very simplicity is the thing which makes it difficult to detect and, in practice, so easy to repeat. So remember this against the time you need it: the cause of 99 out of every 100 shanks or sockets is in the backswing. Invariably, the club is taken

back with the wrists rolling the clubface so open that on arrival at the top of the swing the wrists are in a flat position (see photograph). From this position the roll back of the wrists on the downswing throws the clubhead outside the normal arc and the strike on the ball is then made with the stem of the club instead of the blade.

As I have said earlier, this is a deceptively easy fault to drop into—especially if you are swinging from inside-to-out normally.

THE ANSWER TO IT, OF COURSE, is to check everything calmly—normal grip, holding firmly with both hands, back on the swing in the usual way but making sure that your wrists do not flop flat but are properly under the shaft at the top of the swing.

That is the key factor which ensures your normal downswing and brings the clubhead into the ball in the ordinary way. I could advise you to check on all kinds of other details of your swing but they would merely confuse this issue. All I would add is that you should swing well through the shot maintaining a firm grip all the time.

And that is just about all there is to the socket. I know that it sounds absurdly simple and that it is astonishing that so many good players get bitten by it. But there it is. Don't fear it. In fact don't think about it. Only thing to do is to remember not to panic when you get it and to see that you check your movements to that vital top-of-the-swing position.



Look out! Here comes a first class shank or socket! This is what NOT TO DO. Note how my hands have rolled into the flat position at the top of the swing. It is the throw-out of the club-head from here that causes the trouble. The hands should be under the shaft at the top.

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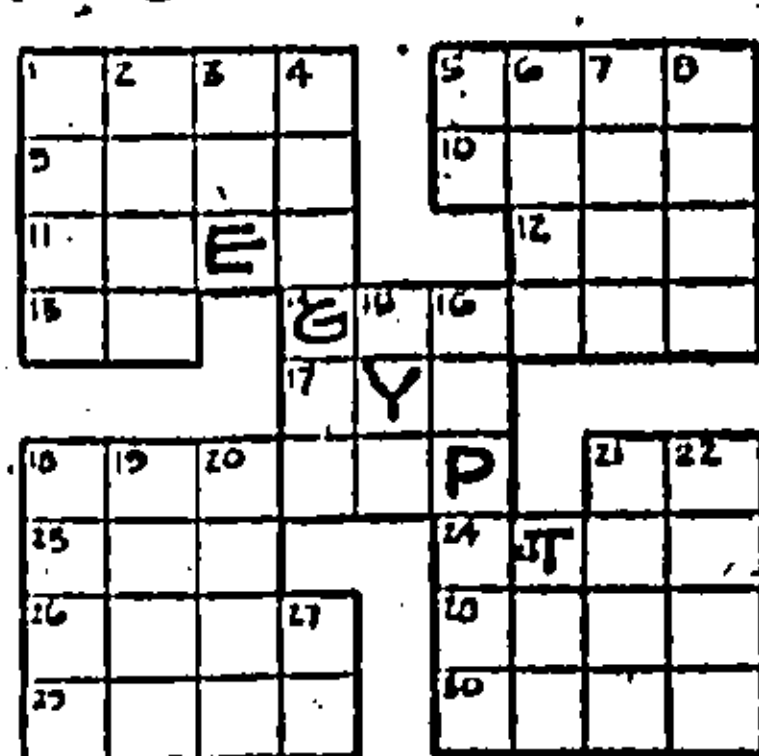
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## the BOYS and GIRLS PAGE

### Crossword

Our artist has given you a nice clue in this puzzle by putting in the word EGYPT:



ACROSS

- 1 Rave
- 5 Parcels of land
- 9 Range
- 10 Leave out
- 11 Swerve
- 12 Age
- 13 East Side (ab.)
- 14 Gather for storage
- 17 Organ of vision
- 18 Part of the foot
- 21 Postscript (ab.)
- 23 Immense
- 24 Indian
- 26 Enthusiastic ardour
- 28 Irritate
- 29 Withered
- 30 Golf mounds

DOWN

- 1 Rant
- 2 Greek god of war
- 3 Born
- 4 Mark to shoot at
- 5 Behold
- 6 Foretoken
- 7 Weary
- 8 Heavenly body
- 15 Alternative body
- 16 Account
- 18 Roman date
- 19 River in Egypt
- 20 Box
- 21 Staff
- 22 Observe
- 25 Blind
- 27 Compass point

(Solution on Page 16)

### A Solve-It-Yourself Tale

By HAROLD GLUCK

THE CHALLENGE: Are you wide awake? Can people fool you? If someone told you a story with an error in it could you spot what was wrong? Paul Husted is your age and he is in the same class as you are in school. You are going to match wits with him. He listened to a story and knew just what was wrong with it. See if you can do the same.

ARTHUR ZORN, reporter on Centerville's leading newspaper, was finishing a news item he had just written. There was a knock on the door to his office. Without taking his eyes off his typewriter he said,

"Come on in. The door is open."

A friendly youngster with the kind of smile that came from a good heart was soon inside the room. He handed a note to Arthur Zorn and remained quietly at the side of the desk as the reporter read. When finished Arthur Zorn turned to the boy.

"So you are the lad Mrs. Olin sent me. The smartest boy in her class. And you want to see how a newspaper reporter works. I expect to interview a man in half an hour. I'm not certain who will do most of the talking. He is Sir Henry Keating, the famous explorer and hunter. Called me up on the phone yesterday. Has an idea about raising money to preserve wild



"Just flew in from British South Africa," said Sir Henry Keating as he started his interview with the newspaper reporter. Paul Husted later discovered he was a phoney.

life in Africa. Now you just sit in the chair and keep your lips closed. Your job is to listen carefully to both of us. And you will see how a reporter works."

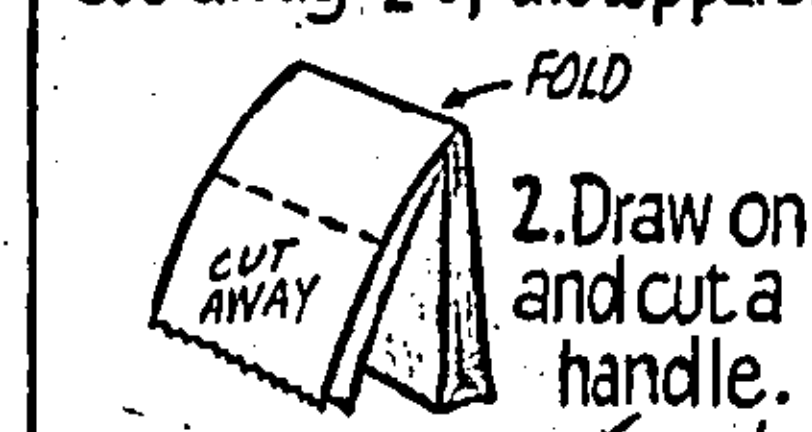
Exactly at 3:30 a tall well built man, with a touch of grey in his black hair entered the office. He shook hands with Arthur Zorn.

"It really is a pleasure to meet a famous explorer and hunter like yourself," said the reporter. "Now, what can I do for you?"

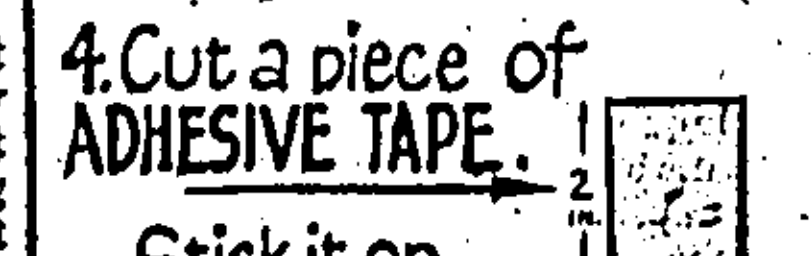
"Nothing at present," said Sir Henry Keating. "I just wanted to meet you. I flew in the early part of this week from British South Africa. Had a wonderful trip to the interior. I killed two tigers. One of these tigers almost got my gun bearer. But as you Americans would say—in the nick of time I placed a well-aimed bullet where it killed the animal. And I have two tiger

### PAPER BAG SATCHEL

1. Fold a large PAPER BAG flat...fold it in half...then cut away 1/2 of the top part.



2. Draw on and cut a handle.



3. Cut a piece of CARDBOARD and fit in bottom of the bag.



4. Cut a piece of ADHESIVE TAPE.



...Stick it on center flap A.. fold flap over and tape it to side of bag to close.



### Blinky Mole's Strange Garden

—Things Don't Come Up There, They Come Down!—

By MAX TRELL

With the melting of the snow, the ground began getting soft again after the long winter. The days grew brighter and warmer. Spring was on its way!

Knarl and Hanid, the shadow-children with the turned-about names, found Blinky Mole standing in the doorway of his house, rubbing his eyes. He had his overalls on and next to him was a shovel, a rake and a hoe which he had just been cleaning.

"Right fine day," he said. "Top of the morning to you both."

Knarl and Hanid returned the greeting.

Lots of Work

"Been doing some of my spring gardening," he explained. "Been at it all night. Lots of work to do this time of year. Like to come in and have a spot of tea with me?"

Knarl and Hanid, who were quite fond of Blinky, accepted the invitation at once and went down into Blinky's parlour. You had to go down to his parlour because Blinky's house, unlike most houses, was built with the top floor on the ground and the rest of the house under the ground.

It was a well-kept house though most people would have found it a little dark.

While they were having tea, Blinky told about his gardening.

"Now most folks," he said, "think it's still a little early to start growing things. But I don't like to get my things started early. They're coming down already," he said. "How about another cup of tea?"

"Thank you," said Hanid as Blinky filled her tea cup again. "Did you say, Blinky, that the things you planted were coming down already? Didn't you mean coming up?"

A Bit Differently

"I said coming down, and I meant coming down," Blinky answered. He smiled again as he added, "I do my gardening a bit differently from the regular way. But I can see you don't quite understand me. Come along and I'll show you my garden."

Knarl and Hanid followed Blinky down another flight of stairs, then they reached the back door of his house. It was so dark here that they could hardly see anything. Blinky took a flashlight and opened the door and they followed him outside.

It was outside all right, but it was also inside. It was deep in the ground. Knarl and Hanid could see by Blinky's flashlight that they were in a sort of cave or tunnel. They walked after Blinky for a few feet, holding on to his arms to keep from getting lost.

"Ah, here we are!" he exclaimed, suddenly stopping. "Where are we?" asked Knarl.

"In my garden!" cried Blinky. "Well, what do you think of it?"



Blinky flashed the light on the ceiling of the tunnel.

Knarl and Hanid said they couldn't tell Blinky what they thought of his garden because they couldn't see any garden.

Right in Front

"What! There must be something wrong with your eyes! You'd better get glasses! Everything's right in front of you! If it had teeth it would bite you!" Blinky swung his flashlight around.

"No wonder!" he said all at once, breaking into a hearty laugh. "No wonder you can't see my garden. You're looking in the wrong place. It's not at your feet. It's overhead!" He flashed the light on the ceiling of the tunnel.

And at this moment, for the first time, Knarl and Hanid saw Blinky's garden. There weren't any leaves. There weren't any stems. There were just roots, growing down from above.

"Potatoes!" Blinky said. "Beets! Carrots! Radishes! And also grass and daisies and dandelions and buttercups! I told you my garden was different! I told you it grew down instead of up!"

Blinky sighed. "Folks never seem to understand me! Well... that's what I get for being a mole, I suppose. But, now that you've seen my garden, tell me truthfully, isn't it doing fine?"

And Knarl and Hanid told Blinky that it was one of the finest upside-down gardens they had ever seen in their whole lives!

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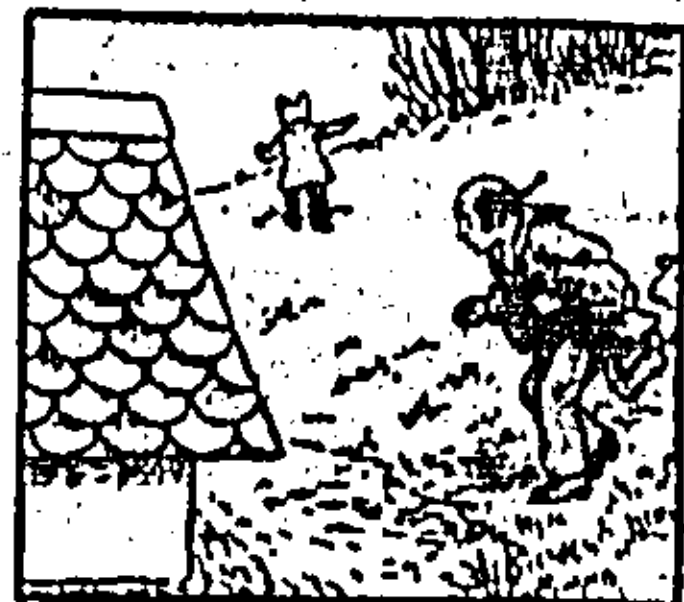
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### Rupert's River Rescue—19



An unpleasant surprise awaits the little party as they near the beach. "Oh, dear, this is bad!" cries Rupert. "The flood's so high we can't reach the house. And even if there is a boat there it is probably floating higher than the door. We could never get it up here for safety."



never get it out!" But Rupert, who has strolled ahead, gives a shout. "There's something here. Will this do?" The others hurry to him. "Why, it isn't a perfectly good pump!" cries Sam. "The old Admiral must have dragged it up here for safety."



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